OVERSEAS

The Monthly Journal of the
OVERSEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Vol VI No. 65 JUNE 1921

OCT 1925
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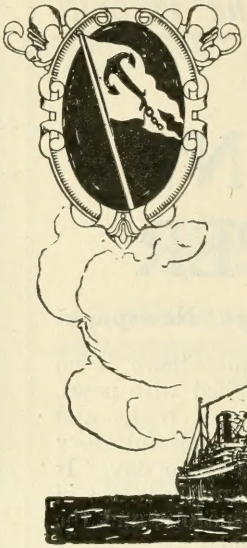

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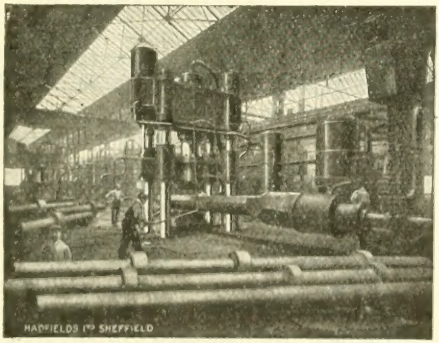

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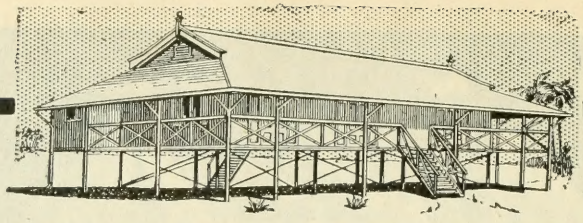

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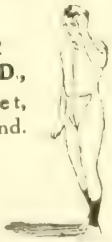

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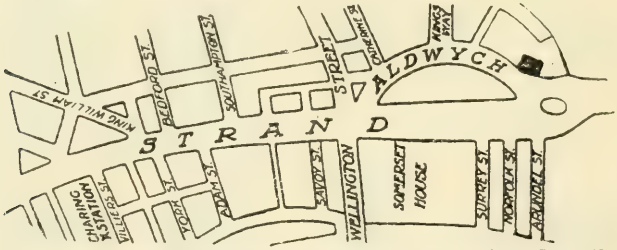

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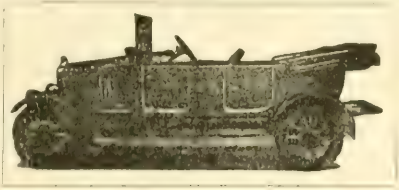

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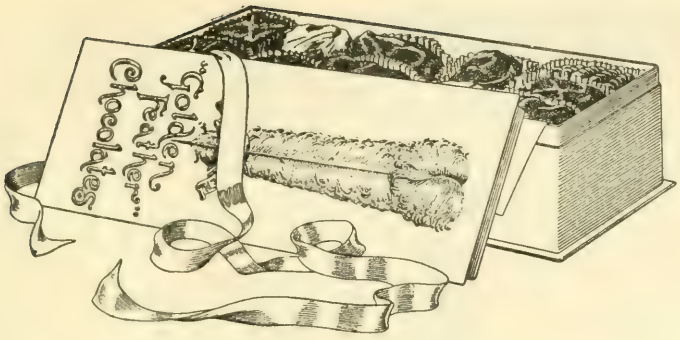

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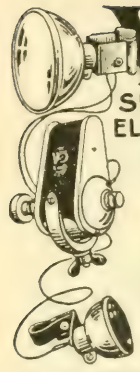

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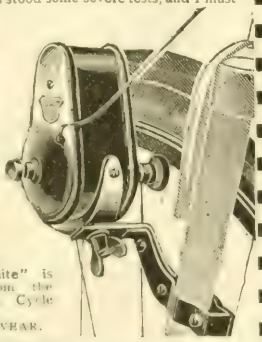

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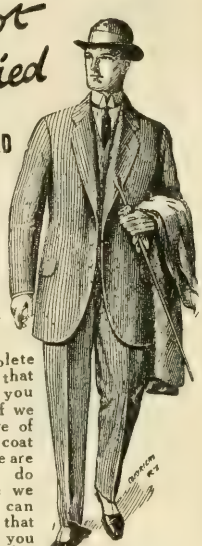

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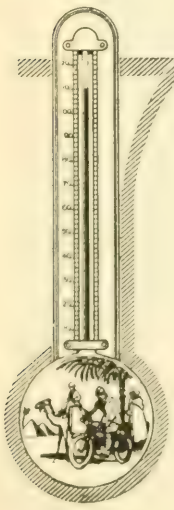

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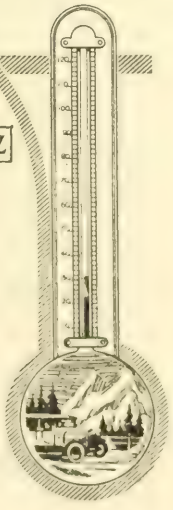

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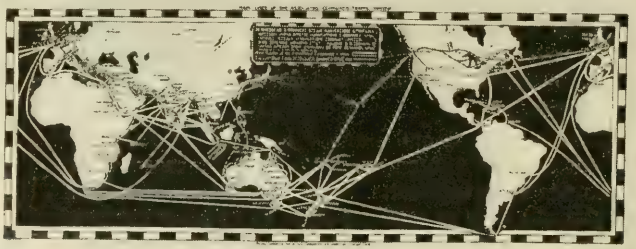

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SOUTHAMPTON WATER FROM FAWLEY.
FROM THE PICTURE BY WILFRID BALL.

OVERSEAS

A · LINK · OF · EMPIRE

Founded and Edited by
EVELYN · WRENCH

GENERAL · BUILDINGS · ALDWYCH · LONDON

Vol. VI. No. 65. June, 1921.

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

My Monthly Letter.

THE GLOOMY DEAN AGAIN.—Dean Inge has accustomed us to expect pessimistic utterances from him. His two recent speeches to the members of the London Society and the National Liberal Club respectively certainly did not belie his reputation. On the former occasion the learned dignitary of the Church tried to picture London in 1971. Dr. Inge thinks that fifty years hence "London will look very much what it is now—only a great deal more out at elbows!" Exactly why Dr. Inge takes this depressing view of London's future he does not tell us; surely if he casts his mind back over the changes in the metropolis these past fifty years he should have no grounds for his gloomy conclusions.

However, much remains to be done—and "Overseas" has never attempted to minimise the gigantic nature of the task ahead of us—London has made great headway in almost every direction since 1870. Wider streets, fewer slums, more open spaces, finer buildings, quicker transport, cleaner thoroughfares, better lighting and sanitation, smoother pavements and an improved health record. Why, oh, why, Dr. Inge, cannot we Londoners of the present generation continue and improve on this record during the next half-century?

LONDON IN 1971.—The Dean believes that London has reached its maximum size, and he thinks that fifty years hence "it will probably be a good deal smaller, which, personally, I don't regret at all"—wherein we can all agree with Dr. Inge. For the important fact is not that London in 1971 should possess a population of, say, 12,000,000, but that it should be possessed of none but happy homes of contented citizens. Surely Londoners between now and 1971 can by collective enthusiasm ensure that every London home fifty years hence shall be a clean one, and that its inmates shall possess as their birthright a plentiful supply of fresh air, good food and an education enabling them to face life's battle with no handicap due to faulty upbringing.

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In addressing the members of the National Liberal Club, Dr. Inge remarked that "the population of this country will have to be reduced," a statement which none of us would care to controvert without giving much thought to the subject. Like the Dean, we all surely believe that "human beings are happier living, not in enormous aggregates, but under conditions more like those which Nature prescribes."

IS OUR POPULATION TOO LARGE? — This question of the population which these Islands of ours are capable of supporting in decency and moderate comfort is no mere academic one. There is hardly an industrial dispute to which it does not bear a very close relation. Probably at the core of every trades union demand for restricted output and short hours at the moment is the ever-present spectre of unemployment and the lack of jobs to go round. Rightly or wrongly, hundreds of thousands of British wage-earners to-day believe that if they did more than a given minimum of work they would be lessening the number of jobs available!

We are all agreed that production and more production of the right kind of product is the crying need of the country at the present time. But till we can ensure every man and woman who is anxious to work employment at a fair wage or out-of-work pay if unemployed through no fault of their own, I do not believe that we will be able to kill the spirit of "ca' canny."

The cry for production is no idle one, as is sometimes maintained by extremists. Unlike many other countries, Great Britain depends for more than half her food on her exports of coal and manufactures with which to purchase the food surplus of other countries. If British workers failed to provide the wherewithal to purchase foreign food, dark indeed would be the outlook for this country. But while we admit the responsibility of the British worker to do his share, we must also admit the responsibility of the rest of the community to see that every worker in these islands has employment at a fair wage.

MUCH CLEAR THINKING NEEDED.—The more that all of us can give thought to the economics of our present-day civilisation the better, and the more will we realise that our present troubles are largely due to world causes and to the period of re-adjustment through which we are going. There are, of course, wild men and extremists among the miners just as there are die-hards among the mine-owners, who are only thinking of their own interests.

To help us out of our present difficulties we shall require the very best brains the nation possesses, whether to be found among the property-owning or property-less classes. The modern State, with its inter-dependence on all countries, is a terribly intricate piece of mechanism, and to get it to function properly again after the world upheaval through which it has been we must all pull

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together. Sections of the community which think only of their own self-interest are heading the ship of State straight for disaster.

I have purposely dealt in generalities because, even if we arrive at a settlement in the coal industry, and at the moment of writing—the forty-fourth day of the coal stoppage—the prospects of an early settlement are by no means bright, we shall not be, by any means, at the end of our troubles. Before our industrial machine is functioning properly there have got to be re-adjustments in almost every branch of industry.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO THE RESCUE.—Mr. Horatio Bottomley, with whose opinions I frequently disagree, was perfectly right when he wrote in the *Sunday Pictorial* the other day that somehow or other we must, as a nation, hammer out a scheme of permanent industrial peace. Many more periods of creeping paralysis, such as we have been experiencing since the beginning of April, would bring us to a state of chaos appalling to contemplate. Even if the strikers obtained their demands in the future, it is questionable whether they could be paid in any but a paper currency, and our condition would approximate that of Central Europe.

Mr. Bottomley wants the Government to postpone its ordinary legislative programme and to devote itself to finding a way out from our present industrial morass. Certainly Parliament is the place, if we wish to avoid revolution and untold suffering, where we must argue out our problems. If the British proletariat feels it has a grievance against the property-owning classes a constitutional method of adjusting its wrongs lies at hand in the ballot

"That's all for to-day, thank you!"
What we feel like after paying our income-tax.
"Pov," in the London *Evening News*.

My Monthly Letter.

box. Governing a highly industrialised democracy such as ours is no easy task, and I am not at all sure that it would not be much better for all of us if the Labour Party in the House of Commons was more approximate in strength to the Coalition Party, so that the workers would be able to regard the House of Commons as representative of the nation as a whole and not seek to redress their grievances elsewhere, with dire results to the community.

The coal stoppage, coming as it did at a time of widespread unemployment, has caused much suffering in all parts of the country, and if any readers of "Overseas" care to alleviate the distress among the mothers and children of the poor in our large cities we shall be very pleased to see that their contributions are spent where they will do most good.

WORKING FOR THE FUTURE.—However pressing the problems of the present generation, it is gratifying when we come across those who are working for the future. Surely the promoters of the Welwyn Garden City in Hertfordshire are placing us all in their debt by their practical idealism.

A belt of fruit trees 30 feet wide and 750 feet in length has been planted on the most scientific and up-to-date lines in the new garden city, and the future tenants of Welwyn will be the possessors, therefore, of a fine communal orchard, the profits of which will be used for the relief of the rates. If only the present generation had the planning of our existing cities, what changes we would make !

One of our first reforms would be to throw open to the public many of the squares in our big cities, at present padlocked and surrounded by iron rails. But to start out on our list of might-have-beens would occupy many issues of "Overseas," and must be postponed for the present.

AN IRISH GLIMMER OF HOPE.—So often since the breakdown of the Irish Convention my monthly letter has contained depressing news concerning the state of affairs in the Emerald Isle that it is quite a change to be able to write about things Irish in a slightly optimistic vein. It is wise, however, not to indulge in undue optimism in dealing with Hibernian affairs—long and bitter experience has taught even the stoutest-hearted to be sceptics in connection with Ireland ; but even taking every adverse fact into consideration, the Irish situation certainly looks more promising than it has for many a day.

Here are some of the factors which are responsible for the glimmer of hope which is in our hearts as the day for the elections of the two new Irish Parliaments approaches. The outstanding fact in the Irish situation is, of course, the visit paid by Sir James Craig, Premier-elect of Ulster, to Mr. de Valera, the leader of Sinn Fein. The mere fact that the leaders of "green" Ireland and

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"orange" Ireland—and is it a favourable omen that yellow and green should be the colours of Nationalistic Ireland? I wonder—should have spent between two and three hours together discussing Irish problems common to both sections of the country is extraordinarily significant. A few months since such an exchange of views seemed beyond the realm of possibilities.

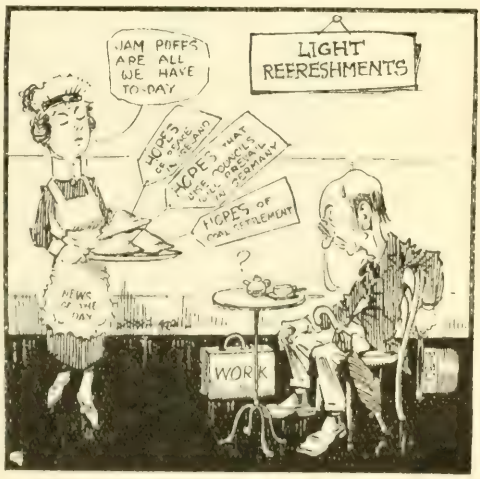
CRAIG AND DE VALERA.—On May 7th, at Annihilt, the Ulster leader said that his visit to de Valera had done "immeasurable good already, not only throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but also across the Channel." Sir James Craig then went on to say that "all of them would thank God that day that Southern Ireland came to its senses and took advantage of the legal machinery that lay to its hand and attempted to restrain those who were fouling the fair name of Ireland."

On the same day Mr. de Valera made a conciliatory reference to the Ulster leader and published a message, in which he said :—

> "We shall never cease to maintain that there is community of interest between our countrymen of the north-eastern corner of Ireland and our people of the south and west.
>
> "We believe that the men of Ulster, reft from us by statute, but maintained to us by higher laws, look upon Ireland as their country and in their hearts cherish the Irish name.
>
> "In the eighteenth century Ulster felt profoundly her unity with the rest of Ireland. She will do so again. May that day be soon."

A REPUBLIC IMPOSSIBLE.—Another favourable portent is undoubtedly Cardinal Logue's statement that the forces of moderation on both sides of the Channel earnestly desire a settlement, and that, in his opinion, Great Britain would never grant republican status to his native land, but that, short of this, he believed there were practically no limits to which the British people would not be prepared to go.

Then we had the sensational visit of Lord Derby—that most genial prince of diplomatists to Ireland under the assumed name of "Mr. Edwards," disguised behind horn-rimmed


JAM PUFFS ARE ALL WE HAVE TO-DAY
LIGHT REFRESHMENTS
HOPES OF PEACE IN IRELAND
HOPES THAT CHANCELLOR WILL DESERT GERMANY
HOPES OF COAL SETTLEMENT
NEWS OF THE DAY
WORK

Customer: "One can't live on these—haven't you anything a little more solid?"
Jack Walker, in the London *Daily Graphic*.

My Monthly Letter.

spectacles ! Lord Derby's visit was, we were assured, unofficial, but immediately on his return from Dublin he breakfasted with the Prime Minister.

CLAY PIGEONS AT MONTE CARLO.—Every decent-minded person will be delighted to learn that the directors of the Monte Carlo Casino have bowed before British public opinion and that only clay birds are to be used for pigeon shoots in future. Thus *The Times* has scored a notable victory and the authorities at Monte Carlo have abolished a disgusting spectacle. It only remains for public opinion to focuss its attention on the so-called " sportsmen " of Perivale and elsewhere in the British Isles who still indulge in a form of sport which has been abandoned by Monte Carlo. It is time to prove conclusively that Great Britain is second to none in her determination to keep sport clean.

DEMOCRATIC GOLF.—I rarely remember such widespread interest evoked by any sporting contest—certainly no golfing contest—as that displayed by the community at large in the Amateur Championship which was won on May 27th by W. I. Hunter, the twenty-nine-year-old son of Harry Hunter, the professional at Deal, and himself a clerk in the Post Office. It is a delightful thought that the blue-ribbon of the golfing world can be won by the humblest in the land ; the Goddess of the Links dispenses no favours, and the mechanic's son, provided he has opportunities for practice, has equal chances of distinguishing himself with the peer of the realm.

Somewhere or other I have read that there are a million golfers in the British Isles, and during the past week they have amused themselves by playing imaginary rounds of ideal golf at Hoylake. Rounds in which the elusive globe was always hit straight and, true—but I must not dilate on my imaginary golf lest I bore my non-golfing readers !

The special reason why we all took such an interest in this year's championship was that America had sent over a crack team, and the pessimists among us seemed to have every reason for prophesying that Britain was certain of defeat. How could we stand up to such golfing prodigies as " Chick " Evans, nineteen-year-old " Bobby " Jones, Ouimet and F. Wright. One leading New York journal even went so far as to explain that, owing to Britain's terrible War losses, there would be every excuse for her if she lost. But the last American invader did not even reach the semi-final and we heaved a sigh of relief. Once more the Old Country has shown that she is by no means down and out.

Though it must be confessed that in the cricket field the first game in the Test matches has left some of us rather apprehensive,

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for look at the matter, how we may, Australia made a wonderful start for the rubber.

A RETURNED WANDERER.—The great majority of the readers of "Overseas," even if they were born in the Old Country, spend the latter part of their lives in the lands of their adoption, while an ever-increasing number of our subscribers are to be found among the Dominion-born, who beyond an occasional visit to the land from which their parents or grandparents came, have no desire to reside in these northern latitudes of ours.

Among our Members born in the Old Country are a certain number who always cherish the wish of passing the rest of their lives, when they have retired, in the surroundings of their childhood. Such a one is Mr. Edwin C. Hathaway, who has kept watch at Cape Spartel lighthouse, on the coast of Morocco, on the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar, since 1893, whom I visited in his lonely outpost twenty years ago, and who has now returned to his natal village of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, at the age of sixty-eight. "London nearly drove me mad," he said to a *Daily Mail* reporter on his return home. "It bewildered me. When I got back to my hotel at night I did not know whether I was walking on the ground or in the air. At Cape Spartel I often went for months without speaking to an Englishman. After speaking Arabic and Spanish for so long I am shy at speaking English. I

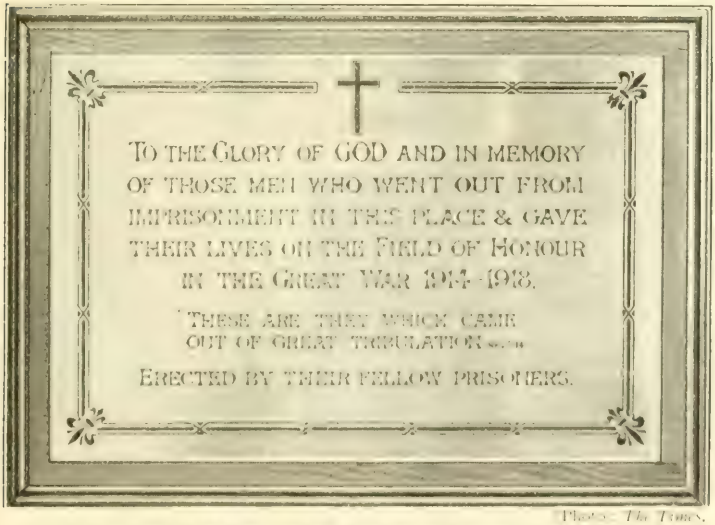
TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY
OF THOSE MEN WHO WENT OUT FROM
IMPRISONMENT IN THIS PLACE & GAVE
THEIR LIVES ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR
IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918.
"THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME
OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION ..."
ERECTED BY THEIR FELLOW PRISONERS.

Photo: *The Times*.

A Convicts' War Memorial at Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight.

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can hardly express myself in English now. You see, I have been out of the world altogether."

Among other things at the station, our reader was bee-keeper, telegraph operator, semaphore signaller, meteorologist, cook, housemaid, and gardener. He is going to settle down in the old village, but he says that he misses the ships and the sea.

Every reader of "Overseas" will desire to join in wishing Mr. Hathaway much happiness and many years of good health in the peaceful surroundings of his old home.

EUROPE STILL MILITARISTIC.—Those who hoped that, after the terrible experiences of the Great War, Europe would no longer indulge her militaristic propensities must be sadly disappointed by the figures divulged by Sir L. Worthington Evans, the Secretary of State for War, in the House the other day.

Here is the present strength of Continental armies, exclusive of Russia, from which it will be seen that France and Poland are now the two chief military powers :—

Austria	30,000	Netherlands	21,400
Belgium	105,000	Norway	15,400
Bulgaria	33,000	Poland	600,000
Czecho-Slovakia	147,300	Portugal	30,000
Denmark	15,400	Rumania	160,000
Finland	35,000	Spain	190,715
France	809,652	Sweden	56,200
Germany	100,000	Switzerland	200,000
Greece	250,000	Serbs-Croats-Slovenes	200,000
Hungary	35,000		
Italy	300,000		

THE INVENTOR OF THE KINEMA.—I wonder how many patrons of "the pictures" had ever heard of Mr. W. Freeze Greene up to the time of his death two weeks since, almost directly after making a speech at a meeting of the kinema trade at the Connaught Rooms, Kingsway? And yet he was the man who invented the moving-picture camera thirty years ago, when he displayed the first authentic moving picture ever seen, at his shop at No. 92, Piccadilly.

Like so many inventors, he did not make a fortune from his discovery, and it was left to others to reap a rich reward from the vast business of kinematography which was first evolved in his brain. From the purely British standpoint it is regrettable that this British invention should have been exploited on its present huge scale across the Atlantic.

How far humanity has benefited by the invention of the kinema remains to be seen. That it undoubtedly keeps many thousands

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from the counter-"attractions" of the public-house is not to be gainsaid, but till we have eliminated all the suggestive and purely sensational trash which is too often the fare provided on the screen, we cannot look upon the moving picture as an unmixed blessing. But if many present-day exhibitions show the kind of stuff their patrons are satisfied with, we must not blame the inventor, any more than we can hold Gutenburg and Caxton responsible for much of the matter which appears from the twentieth-century printing press.

COMPULSORY TRAVEL FOR STATESMEN.—Every reader of "Overseas" will cordially endorse this statement of Commissioner D. C. Lamb, of the Salvation Army, made at the conclusion of General Booth's recent 16,000 mile tour throughout Canada and the United States: "If I were running this Empire I would get people travelling. I would not let a man be a Cabinet Minister until he had been round the world, and no man ought to take his seat in a Colonial Cabinet until he has been to London."

What a whole crop of prejudices would drop off if only we all could adopt the American university principle of the Sabbatical year—that is, every seventh year spent in travel. And above all do these remarks apply to our legislators, both at home and overseas. A year's trip round the British Dominions would be a wonderful cure for extremists and reactionaries.

Let us by all means, as Commissioner Lamb says, get our M.P.'s

General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, Marshal Joffre and General Diaz, represented Great Britain, France and Italy on the occasion of the Portuguese "Unknown Warrior" ceremony. Photo sent by Mr. W. N. Mallet, c/o London and Brazilian Bank, Lisbon.

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travelling. If *we* were running the Empire that is what you and I would do—but, alas for the Empire, we are not !

E. W.

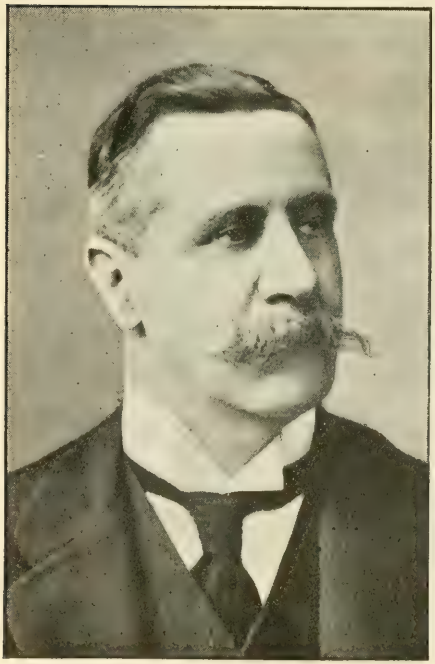
P.S.—On re-reading my letter I see I have said very little about the present terribly difficult phase of the industrial crisis. A curious development of the controversy has been the increasing dependence of industry as a whole upon oil as an alternative to coal. Surely this is a turn of events which the miners never contemplated a few years since !

Of one thing I am more than ever convinced, and that is the futility of force as the last word. But if we wish to wean the workers from their strike tactics we must let them feel that we care just as much about their welfare as we do about our own. We each one of us have our share in the collective responsibility for the present *impasse*. Are we quite sure that things would have ever got to their present state if we had not been so engrossed in our own affairs in the past ?

As regards Ireland. The warning note I sounded above as to inadvisability of undue optimism has been borne out by recent events. Just when the forces of conciliation seemed to be making headway the Irish "gunmen" perpetrated a series of outrages which once again has alienated the sympathy of all right-minded persons.

How the Irish extremists can imagine they are advancing the Irish cause by shooting down defenceless women passes comprehension.

If only some of our Irish-American friends would keep a little of their "righteous indignation" for the murderers of women ! If only——



The new Viceroy of Ireland. Lord Fitzalan (formerly Lord Edmund Talbot) is the first Roman Catholic Viceroy in history.

"WHY I WENT OVERSEAS AND WHAT HAPPENED TO ME."—Readers are asked to send us articles of 750 to 1,000 words describing their reasons for going abroad and what happened to them when there.

The A. B. C. of the Empire Conference

By F. A. McKenzie

The A. B. C. of the Empire Conference.

THE Dominion Premiers and the Home Government will hold a series of meetings in London, starting June 15th. This gathering is officially described as being on the lines of the Imperial War Cabinet meetings, which took place in 1917 and 1918, to deal with the many urgent problems of common interest which call for the co-ordination of policy and action by the different Governments of the Empire.

Below is given, in alphabetical form, an impartial guide to the leaders of the Conference, and the topics it will consider.

ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE. One of the main issues to be decided by the Conference is the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Under the Alliance of 1911 either party had the right to give twelve months' notice of denunciation as from July 13th, 1920. In July last year the two Powers issued a joint statement to the League of Nations that they had come to the conclusion that their agreement would need modification to be in accord with the Covenant of the League. Later the British Government intimated that the Dominions would be called into consultation before any fresh Alliance was concluded. Sharp differences of opinion exist concerning the advisability or otherwise of renewing the Alliance. The topic was fully debated in the May issue of "Overseas."

CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE. The gathering of 1921 will not be the special Constitutional Conference contemplated by Resolution 9 of the Imperial War Conference, 1917, "to be summoned as soon as possible after the cessation of hostilities," for the co-ordination of the organisation of the Empire. It will, probably, however, discuss the constitution of such a Conference.

EMPIRE CABINET. Mr. Massey, Premier of New Zealand, proposes the establishment of an Empire Cabinet which will be in effect an Imperial Executive; not a legislative body, but one following the model of the War Cabinet. His proposal has met with considerable opposition from other Dominions, particularly from Canada. General Smuts strongly favours the idea of a yearly conference of the Prime Ministers of the self-governing Dominions with the British Cabinet in London.

The A. B. C. of the Empire Conference.

HUGHES, RT. HON. W. M.—Prime Minister of Australia. A Welsh pupil teacher, he emigrated to Australia and came to the front in New South Wales as a Labour politician. His passionate Imperialism, his fierce oratory and intense personality have made him one of the best loved and most attacked men in the Empire. In the Paris Peace Conference he took his own line, which brought him, on various occasions, into sharp conflict with Mr. Lloyd George.

KUTCH, HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAO.—Fifty-five years old, he has ruled his State of 7,616 square miles, with a population of over half a million, for thirty-seven years. A good sportsman, a good ruler, famous for his skill in pig-sticking and as a good shot, diligent in looking after the well-being of his people, he gave striking demonstration of his loyalty during the War, when he undertook to pay £3,000 a month for the support of an Indian regiment.

MASSEY, RT. HON. W. F.—Prime Minister of New Zealand. A North of Ireland man, he emigrated to New Zealand in 1870, became a farmer and rose from active participation in local government to national leadership ; has been in Parliament for twenty-seven years and Prime Minister since 1912. A solid, moderate, sane politician.

MEIGHEN, RT. HON. ARTHUR.—Prime Minister of Canada. An Ontario farmer's son ; graduated brilliantly at Toronto University ; acquired business experience in Winnipeg ; practised as lawyer at Portage la Prairie and was sent to the Dominion House, where his expert knowledge of western problems, his skill in negotiation and his powerful brain quickly brought him to the top. He succeeded Sir Robert Borden as Premier in 1920.

NAVAL DEFENCE.—Much will be heard of naval defence. Australia and New Zealand are especially keen on formulating a scheme which will secure adequate protection should the Pacific prove the next storm centre of the world.

SASTRI, MR. SRINAVASA.—One of the representatives of India, formerly head of the Servants of India Society ; a leading moderate Indian statesman, independent, a great organiser and possessed of a remarkable command of the English language. He had much to do with shaping the reform scheme, and is a permanent member of Sir William Acworth's Indian Railway Commission. *The Times* describes him as " unquestionably the most influential of moderate Indian statesmen untrammelled by official ties."

SMUTS, GENERAL RT. HON. JAN CHRISTIAAN.—Of South African Dutch descent, he became, after a brilliant Cambridge career, a leading lawyer, first at Cape Town and then in the Transvaal. He led the Boer armies against us in the later stages of the South African War, fighting with courage, resource and humanity. When peace was concluded, he worked as loyally with Britain as

he had fought strenuously against her before. In the Great World War his career, first as head of the troops in British East Africa, and then as member of the Imperial War Cabinet, brought him great fame. He is to-day one of the Empire's greatest assets.

SQUIRES, RT. HON. RICHARD ANDERSON.—Prime Minister of Newfoundland ; is youngest Prime Minister of the Dominions, barely forty years old. He was Attorney-General in the Ministry of Sir Edward (now Lord) Morris. He became Prime Minister in 1919, by an enormous majority after a fierce election. He is a reformer, an Imperialist and a statesman of great promise.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION.—The main topics to be discussed by the Imperial Conference are :—Preparation for a special constitutional conference to be held later ; a general review of the main features of foreign relations particularly affecting the Dominions ; a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance ; preliminary consideration, preparatory to the proposed constitutional conference, of some methods of arriving at a common understanding regarding external affairs which concern the whole Empire ; inter-Imperial communications by land, sea and air ; naval, military and air defence ; the recommendations of the Oversea Settlement Conference recently held in London ; the development of civil aviation ; reports from Imperial Shipping Committee appointed as a result of Commperial War Conference in 1918 ; the findings of the Technical the Imission appointed to discuss the question of Imperial wireless communications ; the question of German reparations ; the Imperial Statistical Bureau ; Imperial patents.

Spraying Citrus Trees with Lime and Sulphur. Photo sent by Mr. P. G. Collins, Redland Bay, near Brisbane, Australia.

[*Photo "Daily Mirror."*

NOT TOO OLD AT EIGHTY.

Mr. Charles Blackburn, aged eighty, ploughing at Sherwood Farm, Mitcham Common, where he has worked without a break for fifty years. He never had a day's schooling, and married on nine shillings a week. He has forty grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

England's New Landscapes

By Percy W. D. Izzard

England's New Landscapes.

MAKING my way a week or so ago between two East Anglian villages by a footpath I had known since boyhood but had not trodden for several years, I came to a point on the side of a gentle valley where I looked for a lane—a very familiar by-way—whose high and almost over-arching hedgerows were always a delight. On one side the vegetation had grown up unchecked and spread into copse-like substantiality. The pleasures of this green way lay in the surprise of it when rambling over the slope of an upland field, in its shady seclusion and its abundance of varied flowers and small birds.

But it had disappeared. The hedgerow trees and bushes had been cut down almost level with the slight banks which marked its course. The birds had gone ; the very vegetation had changed. In place of flowers which prefer the shade were others which love the sun, and a view of the valley had been opened up which I had never seen before. There was a completely altered outlook.

Now this instance of a changing landscape would have to be multiplied many times to show what has happened through various causes over the country as a whole. It is not only the cutting down of trees and hedgerows which has wrought a difference. Long-choked streams have been opened up, marshland has been drained and brought into cultivation, certain localities are growing new kinds of crops, a cleaner agriculture is eliminating weeds which once were gay flowers of the fields characteristic of particular districts. Even new types of farm stock have helped in one place and another to alter the landscape.

These differences have not been brought about over a long period of years. Many date from the special activities of the War. The most effective factor of change, however, does go back to a few years before 1914, and is the outcome of the steady break-up of old estates and the sale of farms to their one-time tenants.

The new farmer-owners can do as landed men what they could not do as tenants. The great landlords and the old squires planted belts and clumps of trees here, there and everywhere necessary to complete their privacy. They would not have another house within view from their windows. For this reason it was considered advisable also that certain hedgerows should grow as they pleased as long as they did not become inconvenient to passing traffic.

Now the new farmer-owner is in most cases necessarily a thrifty man. Competition is keen in his industry ; economies are essential. He has trimmed down the riotous hedgerows, filled up useless ponds, thinned out the trees, razed unwanted bits of copse, and opened up his land in every reasonable way to ensure its greater

England's New Landscapes.

productivity. He is not a landscape gardener ; he is a food producer, and his crops need air, space and light. My old shady Norfolk by-way disappeared on this very account.

Work of the same kind, but on a greater scale, was done during the War in order to get timber in the crisis of national necessity. Whole woods then vanished. Also, as an outcome of wartime need, were many derelict, marshy tracts drained, and the watercourses which were their natural channel of drainage cleaned out and made adequate to their task. Gangs of German prisoners were most usefully employed in these operations, which were carried out on a rather extensive scale in some parts of the Eastern counties.

The sequel to this clearance of streams and reclamation of flooded land was that people who returned to their own countryside after a brief absence, and holiday-makers who revisited familiar scenes, found them in one respect quite unfamiliar, because of the open and naturally-flowing water of streams which had long been forgotten, or the very existence of which was quite unsuspected. There is every need that this good work shall not be allowed to waste for want of adequate maintenance.

The advent of the agricultural tractor has played a considerable part in the change in districts where these machines are commonly used. Here the panorama of golden stubbles that before were slowly turned over by horse ploughs during the autumn and early winter becomes rapidly transformed to earthy brown and with a new, loud and insistent noise of labour.

Clean farming by compulsion and the use of properly cleaned seed are gradually banishing picturesque weeds from the fields. In time we may even see the name-flowers of Poppyland slowly " economised " out of existence in that area of scarlet vistas, except as scattered intruders no more common than in any other part of England. The wide and popular spread of the allotment movement, too, has given us in all manner of places new scenes of patchwork garden covering many acres.

The increasing value of certain types of farm stock has made some alteration in our landscapes. Two examples will suffice. British Friesian and Red Poll cattle are finding many new adherents, with the result that in some neighbourhoods the old vari-coloured herds are giving way to the vivid black and white of the Friesian or the uniform deep red of the Red Poll. And one finds droves of pigs at graze now in localities where previously no such sight was seen. The grazing pig is one of the quests of go-ahead agriculture.

The foregoing are the main sources and details of change in the modern aspect of our landscapes. If in some instances there has been sacrifice of æsthetic values, there can be no doubt that the tendency on the whole is for economic good. The changing scenes are allied closely with a greater material prosperity on the land.

The "Dream Ship"

The Story of a Voyage of Adventure more than Half Round the World in a 47-foot Lifeboat

By Ralph Stock

PART II.

[In Part I., which appeared in the May No. of "Overseas," Mr. Stock told of the adventures of the "Dream Ship" on her voyage from Devonshire to Vigo, the Canaries and Barbados, and her subsequent safe, if erratic, negotiation of the Panama Canal. We are indebted to the Editor of the "Wide-World Magazine" for permission to reproduce the wonderful story of the voyage. The further adventures of the "Dream Ship" will appear in the next issues of "Overseas."]

The "Dream Ship"

"TO-MORROW," said Steve, mate of the "Dream Ship," "we ought to raise Tower Island."

"Good," said I, with an indifference born of confidence in our navigating officer.

"Splendid," said Peter, who, owing to a professed and preferred ignorance of navigation, had not ceased to look upon the determination of a ship's position at sea as a species of conjuring trick.

After a seven-thousand-mile sail, we were approaching the ash-heap of the world.

At the time we had no notion that it was an ash-heap, but you shall judge.

Throughout that night we took our appointed four-hour, single-handed watch; slept our four hours, as we had come mechanically so to do during the past four months, and went on deck at dawn to see Tower Island.

It was not there.

Steve, who was at the tiller, looked vaguely troubled, but offered no comment; neither did we. "Leave a man to his job" had become our watchword through many vicissitudes. But when night followed day with customary inexorableness, but without producing anything more tangible than the same empty expanse of ocean, Steve was constrained to mutter, a sure preliminary to coherent speech.

"One of three things has happened," he announced: "the

The "Dream Ship."

chronometer's got the jim-jams, the chart's wrong, or the blinking island has foundered."

As skipper of the "Dream Ship," it devolved upon me to verify these surprising statements, which, after a superhuman struggle (being probably the worst mathematician on earth), I did.

By our respective observations and subsequent calculations, the ship's position proved identical. According to instruments, we were at that moment plumb in the middle of Tower Island. It was thoughtless of it to have evaporated at the very moment when we sorely needed it as a landmark. We said so in strong terms. We were still saying something of the sort when a small high-pitched voice came from aloft :

"Land ho ! "

Peter, in striped white and green pyjamas, was astride the jaws of the gaff. Steve and I exchanged relieved glances and, with a lashed tiller, we all went below for a rum swizzle, the inevitable accompaniment to a landfall. We had reached the Galapagos Islands.

The south-east "trade" was blowing as steadily as a "trade" knows how, and there was nothing between us and San Cristobal (Chatham) Island, the most populous of the group ; consequently I slept the sleep of a mind at peace until awakened by a well-known pressure on the arm.

"Come and take a look at this," whispered Steve, so as not to wake Peter in the opposite bunk.

"This" proved to be a solid wall of mist, towering over the ship like a precipice. The trade wind had fallen to a stark calm, and the "Dream Ship" lay wallowing on an oily swell. A young moon rode clear overhead, and myriads of stars glared down at us ; yet still this ominous grey wall lay fair in our path.

"It ought not to be land," said Steve, "but I don't like the look of it."

Neither did I.

We stood side by side, straining our eyes into the murk. A soft barking, for all the world like that of a very old dog, sounded somewhere to port. Splashes, as of giant bodies striking the water, accompanied by flashes of phosphorescent light, came at intervals from all sides, and presently the faint lap of water reached our ears.

"Mother of Mike ! " breathed Steve, "we're alongside something."

At that moment, and as though impelled by some silent mechanism, the pall of mist lifted, revealing an inky black wall of rock not fifty yards distant !

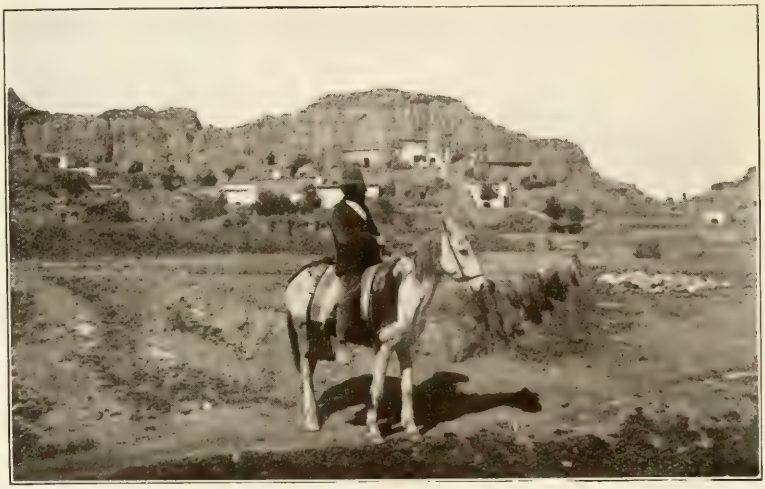
My frenzied efforts at the fly-wheel of the motor auxiliary were as futile as I had more than half expected. Who has ever heard of these atrocities answering in an emergency ? We had no sweeps

The "Dream Ship"

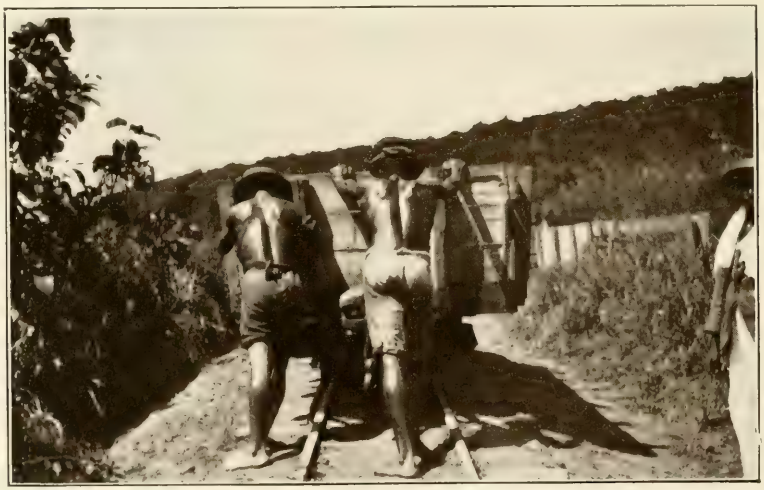
Photos by Ralph Stock.

The rickety Landing Stage in Wreck Bay, San Cristobal, Galapagos Islands. Once a day the crew of the "Dream Ship" is seen going along the side of the steps carrying two gallons of water to the vessel.

Old "Dad," an Englishman who has lived for sixty years in the Galapagos Islands and has nearly forgotten his native language. He holds the secret of hidden treasure.



The Cave Dwellings of Purullena, Spain. Photo sent by Mr. W. A. S. Davenhill, Alhambra, Granada, Spain.



"Putting their backs into it." Photo sent by Miss D. Jolson, Usina Tiuma, Estacoa Tiuma, Pernambuco, Brazil.

To anchor was a physical impossibility. The lead-line vanished, as probably twenty other lead-lines would have vanished after it, in those fathomless waters. So we stood, watching the "Dream Ship" drift to her doom. The "Dream Ship."

What happened during the next hour is hard to describe, as I have no doubt it will be to believe. The Galapagos Islands are threaded with uncertain currents, and one was setting us now on to the rocky face of an islet cut as clean and sheer to the sea as a slice of cheese.

We should have touched but for our fending off. There is no other way of describing our antics than to say that we clawed our way along that rocky wall until, at the end of it, a faint air caught the jib, the foresail, the mainsail, and we stood away without so much as a scratch.

Sunrise that morning was the weirdest I have ever seen. There are over 2,000 volcano cones in the Galapagos Islands, and apparently we were in the midst of them. On all hands and at all distances were rugged peaks 100 to 2,000 feet high, rising sheer from a rose-pink sea into a crimson sky.

Sleek-headed seals broke water alongside, peered at us for a space with their fawn-like eyes, barked softly, and were gone. Pelicans soared above our truck and fell like a stone on their prey. Tiny birds, yellow and red, flitted about the deck or flew through the skylights and settled on the cabin fittings with the utmost unconcern.

Down in the crystal-clear depths vague shapes hovered constantly—sharks, dolphin, turtle and ghastly devil-fish.

All life seemed confined to water and air; never was dry land so desolate and sinister as those myriads of volcanic cones. Yet one of them was peopled with human beings. Which? We were lost, if ever a ship was lost, in the labyrinths of an ash-heap.

All we knew was that Cristobal was the easternmost of the group. We sailed east, only to be becalmed inside of an hour and to lose by current what we had gained by wind.

Close to this same group a sailing vessel has been known to have her insurance paid before she reached port. The calms run in belts of varying widths, and unless a ship can be towed or kedged to one side or the other, there is nothing to prevent her remaining in the same spot for six months.

Our water would not last half that time, and there is little on any of the islands except Cristobal.

We began to think. We continued to think for four mortal days, until the fitful south-east "trade" revived, as by a miracle, and we were bowling along at a seven-knot clip. What a relief was the blessed motion of air! We hardly dared breathe lest it should drop.

It held, and we made what we took to be Cristobal. The dinghy was lowered, the ship cleared up for port, and we began to discuss the possibilities of fresh milk, eggs and bread.

The "Dream Ship."

But it was not Cristobal Island. Neither were three others that we visited, all as alike as peas—a chain of ash-heaps, an ironbound coast of volcanic rock, broken here and there by a dazzling powdered coral beach.

I admit that to the professional seafarer our inability to find Cristobal must appear ridiculous. For his benefit I would point out that we were not professional seafarers, but a party of inconsequent and, no doubt, over-optimistic land-lubbers engaged in the materialisation of a dream—to cruise through the South Sea Islands in our own ship ; that what navigation we knew had been learnt in three weeks, and that I would invite any one who fancies his bump of locality to test it in the Galapagos Islands.

We had more than half decided to cut out Cristobal and its 500 inhabitants, and shape a course for the Society Islands, 3,500 miles to the south-westward, when Steve gave a yelp like a wounded pup.

"I see Dalrymple Rock," he chanted, as one in a trance, with the binoculars to his eyes, "I see Wreck Point, and a bay between 'em, with houses on the beach. What more do you want ? "

How supremely simple it was to recognise each feature by the chart, when there was an unmistakable landmark to go by. What fools we had been not to——

But we left further recriminations till a later date. At the present it was necessary to enter Wreck Bay through a channel 300 yards wide, without a mark on either side, in the teeth of a snorting "trade," and with a lee tide.

At one time during the series of short tacks that were necessary to get a slant for the anchorage we were not more than fifty yards from the giant, emerald-green rollers breaking on Lido Point to port with the roar of thunder. To starboard one could see the fangs of the coral reef waiting for us to miss stays to rip the bottom out of us.

But the "Dream Ship" did not miss stays, and finally we shot through the channel into Wreck Bay, and anchored in three fathoms of water off a rickety landing stage.

While the agony of removing a three-weeks' beard was in progress, a crowd had assembled on the beach, and presently a boatload of three put off to us. Steve, who had picked up some Spanish during three misspent years in Mexico, received them at the companion with a new-born elegance that matched their own.

They proved to be the owner of the island, a good looking youth of about twenty-five, the chief of the police (presumably "chief" because there is only one representative of the law in the Galapagos), a swarthy Ecuadorean in a becoming poncho, and a little wrinkled old man with finely chiselled face and delicate hands.

The owner of Cristobal informed us in excellent French (he had been four years in Paris, previous to marooning himself on his

equatorial possession) that the island was ours and the fullness thereof ; that he also was ours to command and would we dine with him that evening at the hacienda, it being New Year's Eve ?

The "Dream Ship"

The " chief " of police demanded our ship's papers, which, when placed in his hands, he gracefully returned without attempting to read, and gave his undivided attention to a rum swizzle and a cigar.

The little old man, whom we soon learned to call " Dad," sat mum, with a dazed expression on his face and his head at an angle, after the fashion of the deaf. When he spoke, which he presently did, with an unexpectedness that was startling, it was in a low, cultured voice and in English ! " What about this Dutch war he had heard rumours of during the last year or two ? With Germany, was it ? Well, now, and who was winning ? Over, eh, and with the Allies on top ? That was good, that was good."

He rubbed his wrinkled hands and glared round on the assembled company with an air of triumph, but without making any appreciable impression on the owner of Cristobal or the " chief " of police.

" Dad " was a type, if ever there was one, of the educated ne'er-do-well, hidden away in the farthest corner of the earth to avoid those things that most of us deem so desirable. He had a split bamboo house on the beach, a wife who could cook, freedom, and God's sunlight. What more did man desire ?

He had run away to sea at the age of seventeen, run away from sea two years later at the Galapagos Islands, and remained there ever since. This was the second time he had spoken English in fifty years ; so we must excuse his halting diction. But the tales he could tell, the tales ! He was here when the pirates of the South American coast murdered for money, even as they have a knack of doing to this day, and hid the loot at their headquarters, silver and gold — boatloads of it.

He had built a cutter with

The Skipper of the "Dream Ship" discoursing sweet music in the saloon.

The "Dream Ship."

his own hands and sailed in search of this same loot, only to encounter the then owner, still guarding his ill-gotten gains, though reduced to nakedness and hair. At a distance "Dad" had seen him first, and, mistaking him for a mountain goat, had shot him through the heart.

It was the first man he had killed, and he could not stay on the island after that, especially at night.

Afterwards I asked the owner of Cristobal if one might believe half the old man said, and he nodded gravely.

"There is much, also, that he does not say," he added with a smile.

There is undoubtedly treasure still lying hidden in the Galapagos Islands. Two caches have been unearthed, silver ingots and pieces of eight respectively. The finder of one built himself a handsome hotel in Ecuador, the other drank himself to death in short order. But there is definite proof that there is more.

As a field for the treasure-hunter, it is doubtful if any place in the world offers better chances of success to-day than the Galapagos Islands, but—and there is always a "but"—the uncertainty of wind and current among the islands make it impossible for a sailing ship to undertake the search. A motor auxiliary is too unreliable, and even a small steamer is too large for the creeks and reef channels it would be necessary to negotiate.

With a full-powered launch and diving apparatus, and a parent ship in attendance, and unlimited time, money and patience—but these be dreams beyond the reach of a penniless world-wanderer—dreams, nevertheless, that will assuredly one day be realised.

No one thinks of the Galapagos Islands. Situated a bare 600 miles from the American coastline, in the direct trade route between the South Pacific Islands and the United States of America, this group is seldom visited more than twice a year, and then for the most part by Ecuadorean schooners.

The veriest atoll in the South Pacific receives more attention and with not a tithe of the cause. The cause? Well, come with us to the hacienda of the owner of Cristobal and you shall see.

For this purpose it is necessary to transfer one's activities from the heaving deck of the "Dream Ship," to the equally heaving back of a mountain pony and lope for an hour up a winding, boulder-strewn track through a wilderness of low scrub and volcanic rock.

"Still an ash-heap," you think; "nothing but an ash-heap." Then you surmount a ridge, the last of half a dozen, and rein in to breathe your pony and incidentally to marvel.

You remind yourself that you are precisely on the Equator; yet it is positively chilly up here. A green, gently undulating country, dotted with grazing cattle and horses, patches of sugar-cane, coffee

bushes, and lime trees, stretches away to a cloud-capped range of mountains. The "Dream Ship."

The soil is a rich, red loam, almost stoneless, and scarcely touched by the plough. There are 3,500 head of cattle at present on Cristobal Island, and it could support 50,000 with ease. There is no disease and no adverse climatic condition with which to contend, and at three years old a steer brings $100 (gold), at Guayaquil—when a steamer can be induced to call and take it there.

There are a few hundred acres under cultivation when there might be thousands, and 200 bone-lazy peons do the work of fifty ordinary farm hands.

Looking down on this fertile valley, it is hard to realise that one is standing on the lip of a long-extinct crater, that in reality Cristobal is a series of these, dour and uninviting to a degree, viewed from outside, but veritable gardens within. And there are four other islands in the Galapagos group—some smaller, some larger than Cristobal—uninhabited, and exactly similar in character. Nominally they belong to Ecuador. Here, surely, is a new field for enterprise.

In the midst of the valley, situated on a hillock and surrounded by the peons' grass houses, is the owner's house. Here we met, at a dinner of strange but appetising dishes, the accountant and the comisario, the former a rotund little gentleman with very long thumb nails (the insignia of the brain worker), which he clicked together with gusto when excited or amused; the latter a tall, handsome youth and something of an exquisite, if one may judge by cream-coloured silk socks and an æsthetic tie.

It was a cheerful occasion, followed by the best coffee I have ever tasted and songs to a guitar accompaniment.

Out in the compound, under the stars, the peons also indulged in a New Year fiesta; so that by midnight the place was a blur of tobacco smoke, oil flares, thrumming guitars, gyrating, bright-hued ponchos, with their owners somewhere inside them, dogs, chickens and children.

"Land ho!" Steve up the mast of the "Dream Ship." Photo by Ralph Stock.

The "Dream Ship."

Every one seemed thoroughly happy and contented. And, after all, what else matters ? That is the Ecuadorean point of view, and who shall say it is a bad one ?

A star-lit ride to the beach, a few strokes of the oars, that carve deep caverns of phosphorescent light in the inky waters, and we are again aboard. And herein lies one of the manifold joys of one's own ship. One may travel at will over the highway of the earth carrying his home and his banal, but treasured belongings with him. Like the hermit-crab, he may emerge where and when he wills, take a glimpse at life thereabouts, and return to the comfort of accustomed surroundings—a pipe-rack ready to hand, a favourite book or picture placed just so.

Sheltered by a coral reef that broke the force of the Pacific rollers and with holding-ground of firm white sand, we made up arrears of sleep that night, and scattered after breakfast to explore the beach.

There was a lagoon swarming with duck, not half a mile inland, that attracted Steve and his new twelve-bore gun like a magnet. Peter interviewed the lighthouse keeper's wife anent cooking for us during our stay, and I—I lazed ; it gives one time to notice things that escape the attention of the industrious.

A steam-engine was chugging somewhere behind the belt of stunted trees that fringed the beach, and I found it to be a coffee-grinder, fuelled, if you please, with sawed lengths of lignum vitæ—a furnace of wood at something like a pound a stick in most countries. I should like to have seen the face of a block-maker of my acquaintance at such vandalism. But here is nothing of the sort. Little else in the way of indigenous scrub grows on Cristobal.

Mechanically gravitating toward "Dad's" split-bamboo abode, I came upon him seated on a log, staring meditatively at the crumbling skeleton of what had been, or was at one time going to be, a ship.

"Why didn't you finish her ?" I shouted into his "best" ear.

He stared at me in a daze ; then burst forth in Spanish, until I succeeded in convincing him that he might as well talk double Dutch.

"Of course, of course," he muttered. "I forget ; Lord, how I forget ! It's queer to me that I can speak English at all after all these years ; but I can ; that's something, isn't it ?"

"Sure thing," I yelled ; "keep it up. Tell me why you didn't finish your ship."

He pondered the matter ; then spoke slowly :

"I told you of the other I built—and why. Well, I ran her on a reef—splinters in five minutes. Took the heart out of me for a bit, that did.

"Then I began to think of that loot again. I do still, for that matter ; can't help it. You see, I think I know where it is. So I

started on this one." He nodded toward the hulk, silhouetted against the crimsoning sky. The "Dream Ship."

"I'd got to the planking when it occurred to me I'd want a partner for the job at my age; and who could I trust? They'd slit your throat for $10 in those days. They murdered the present owner's father in cold blood. I wouldn't put it beyond 'em to do the same to this one if it wasn't that he's a smart lad and carries the only firearms on the island.

"No one's come here since, no one that I'd trust. . . . Then, too, what if I found the stuff? What good would it do me—now?" He spread out his delicately shaped hands in a deprecating gesture. "I should die in a month if I left here. Finest climate on earth, this is. . . ." Suddenly he laughed—a low, reminiscent cackle of mirth.

"But that wasn't all that decided me. I'd got to the planking, Guayaquil oak it was, and I was steaming it on when a nail drew, and that plank caught me in the chest, knocked me six yards, and broke a rib. It's broken yet; there was no one to mend it. Well, that finished it; I wasn't meant to build that ship."

He stopped abruptly and stared down at his battered, rawhide shoes.

The inference was obvious.

"Well, what about it?" I suggested.

He looked up at that.

"I've been thinking about it ever since you came here," he confessed, "I'll go with you; but mind this, you mustn't curse me if nothing comes of it. I don't promise anything. All I say is, I think I know where the stuff is, if some one hasn't got it."

"I'll let you know to-morrow," said I, and left him sitting there.

Was the man senile? There was nothing to make one think so. Was he a liar? There was equally nothing to prove it. At least half his story was a matter of island history.

"Peter" interviews the lighthouse keeper's wife on San Cristobal Island. Photo by Ralph Stock.

The "Dream Ship"

We of the "Dream Ship" held a committee meeting on the subject of loot that evening. We discussed it from every angle, and came to the conclusion that, with the present atrocity called a motor auxiliary and the weather conditions of the group, we might take three days over the business and we might take three months ; that the chances of finding something were outweighed by the risk of losing the ship, and that we were in pursuit of something sufficiently visionary, anyway, so we had better get on with it.

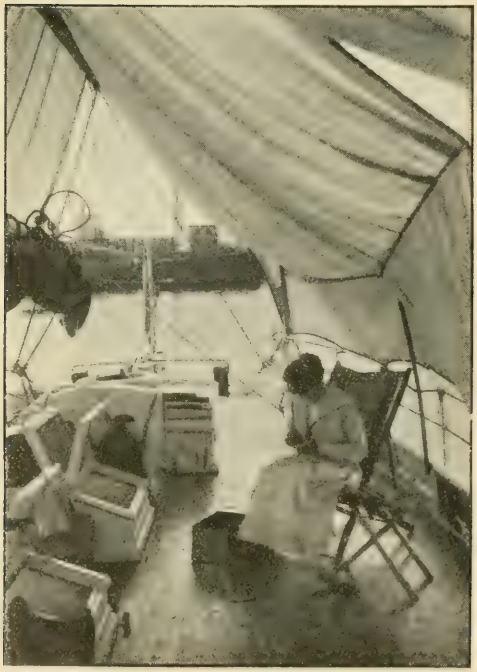
The voting went two to one against, and I leave you to guess whose was the deciding voice.

I give this interview with "Dad" for what it is worth, and simply because I see no prospect of undertaking the search as it should be undertaken. I am aware that it reads like the purest romance, but it is true in every particular, as any one will soon discover on visiting Wreck Bay, San Cristobal, Galapagos Islands.

The old man still waits there on the beach for a ship and some one he can trust ; but judging by his frail appearance (he is seventy seven), he will not wait much longer.

Often during the days that followed I found myself standing at the "Dream Ship's" rail, looking seaward to a dim outline of mountains against the blue, and wondering. . . . But only the ash-heap knows.

To-morrow the owner of Cristobal, the accountant of the elongated thumb nails, and the exquisite comisario are to dine with us (on heaven and our cook alone know what) ; the next day we hunt the wily duck among the lagoons and marshes of the island, and the day after that, D.V., we continue the pursuit of our dream across 3,000 miles of South Pacific Ocean, west-sou'west, to be exact.



"Peter" (Miss Mabel Stock) on board the "Dream Ship."

Particulars of nine new Photographic Prize Competitions will be found on page 74.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "DREAM SHIP."

Embarking in a 47-ft. sailing vessel on the coast of Devonshire, the adventure-seeking three—Peter, Steve, and the author—made a voyage more than half round the world. In the fulfilment of their dream the trio called at Vigo, Spain, dropped anchor for a few days in the Canaries, crossed the Atlantic to Barbados, and then passed through the Panama Canal. The first objective after entering the Pacific was San Cristobal Island, in the Galapagos Archipelago, off the coast of Ecuador, and afterwards the Marquesas Group, the Society Islands, Rarotonga, Palmerston and Tonga Tabu were visited.

How to Deal with the Unemployment Problem

By G. D. H. Cole

[*The writer, who is Hon. Secretary of the Labour Research Department, is one of the best-known economists in Great Britain. His opinions may not be shared by all readers, and of course "Overseas" is in no way responsible for them, but his remarks on the unemployed problem are entitled to a hearing.—Editor.*]

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UNEMPLOYMENT is still rapidly increasing, as the returns from the Employment Exchanges from all parts of the country clearly show. Occasionally a Minister is found to contend that we are already past the worst and that the condition of industry is destined shortly to improve. But I can find in the facts of the situation no warrant at all for this ready belief. The causes which have brought about the existing widespread unemployment and decay of industry still remain one and all in full operation, and as long as these causes remain untouched, although the condition of trade may fluctuate slightly from time to time, I do not see how there can be any material change. The present situation is the direct result of the policies which we have pursued abroad and of the lack of any policy which has marked our doings at home.

In the report of the Special Labour Committee on Unemployment, which is now before the executives of the various unions for their consideration, this point is clearly made. "The Allied Governments," it is stated, "under the glamour of a mirage of the fruits of victory, devoted themselves to the conclusion of a dictated peace, whilst they left private industry to work itself to a standstill by the short-sighted policy of high prices and high profits." This is indeed the truth about the past two years. Our international policy has made impossible the recovery of the markets of Europe from the prostration inevitably brought about by the War ; and our policy at home has been to leave our capitalists to make hay while the sun has shone, and to take no thought of the rainy season, which was bound to come as soon as the quite abnormal conditions created by the termination of hostilities were at an end.

We have let things rip. We have allowed our manufacturers to reap the fruits of the seeming prosperity which followed the end of the War, and we have even congratulated ourselves again and again on the rapidity with which our exports have recovered and the normal course of industry been resumed. But, in reality, the boom of the period succeeding the War was no resumption of normal conditions at all, and we are now realising to our cost that we have effectively destroyed, for the time at least, the international

economic system on which the regular working of capitalist industrialism depends. That is why, as soon as it begins to deal with remedies for unemployment, the Labour report finds itself immersed in a discussion of foreign policy. It is no longer a question merely of a better organisation of our industries at home, but of setting once more upon its feet a European system to which we have been repeatedly giving knock-out blows as often as it has attempted to stagger to its place in the ring of world commerce.

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We have, then, to face an abnormal situation in an abnormal way. Apart from the reversal of international policy, which is an indispensable condition of any cure for our present ills, we have to make provision on an emergency basis for the masses of workers who are now out of work owing mainly to political causes. In normal times, I do not believe that the right method of providing for unemployment is to place the burden of maintenance directly upon the State. I think that each industry should provide for its own unemployed, and that the maintenance by each industry of its "reserve of labour" is as much a legitimate part of the cost of production as any wages which are paid for actual work done.

I believe, in other words, in the principle of continuous pay and think that every worker who belongs to a particular industry should be assured by that industry of a regular income and a reasonable security. I believe, moreover, that even in the midst of the present emergency we ought to take immediate steps for bringing into effect such a system of "industrial maintenance" in the very near future. The only time when there is much chance of getting men, and more especially politicians, to think about permanent cures for unemployment is in the midst of an unemployment crisis; and I therefore want to see permanent measures which will throw the cost of maintaining the unemployed directly upon industry devised and set in train at once. The worker will never again be inclined to submit to the insecurity which marked his position before the War. He is insisting on the right to maintenance, and the best way of assuring this maintenance is by making it a direct charge upon industry, and giving to each industry the greatest possible incentive to make the best use of its available supply of labour and to maximise its production in order to spread its standing wages bill over the largest possible amount of product.

But, in the midst of the present crisis, the adoption of this system immediately is not possible. We have got ourselves into a mess, and the community as a whole has to pay directly for getting out of it. There is no alternative, immediately, to a universal system of maintenance, on the lines proposed by the Labour movement, provided out of public funds. We must assure to every worker, at the public expense, maintenance at a reasonable standard of life as long as the emergency lasts. But we must be conscious

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that this is no solution of the problem unless, at the same time, we take the necessary steps to set the European markets again on their feet, and conscious, further, that this form of maintenance must be regarded only as an emergency measure to be replaced as soon as possible by a scheme under which the cost will be transferred directly to industry.

I do not know whether there will be many who will quarrel with the claim which I am putting forward that maintenance of the workers is to be regarded as a right. Under present conditions, the worker has no security. He is employed and receives his pay only when some one sees a prospect of making a profit by employing him. In other words, the burden not only of trade fluctuations in the ordinary sense, but also of any manipulation of the market which aims at maintaining prices by restricting output falls directly upon the worker, who suffers for it, either in unemployment or in under-employment and short time, all of which mean for him either no earnings or reduced earnings. An employer, when, for one reason or another, he decides to cut down his production at present, reckons on making a roughly proportionate saving on his wages bill. If, on the other hand, the cost of maintenance were flung directly upon the various industries, to be provided for by specially ear-marked allocations to reserve, of course, in times of good trade, it would pay the employer better, in many cases, to maintain production where it now pays him to sell less at higher prices. Thus a system of industrial maintenance would afford a direct incentive to maximum production and maximum utilisation of labour.

My fundamental argument for maintenance, however, is not this economic contention, which points rather to the right method of making the principle effective, but the conviction that maintenance is a right, and that any citizen who is prepared to do his part in the work of the community is entitled not merely to receive a certain sum in wages when work is available for him, but to have a recognised security and right to his income even if economic or political factors may dislocate the particular market in which he is concerned. This right to an assured income in return for a willingness to do one's share of the world's work seems to me a fundamental human right, and the recognition of it by society seems to me the first step to a proper organisation of the work of the community, and therefore to any solution of the problem of unemployment.

NOTE.—This article was written just before the outbreak of the mining dispute. The stoppage of coal production has, of course, caused unemployment in other industries to grow more rapidly, and it will make recovery more difficult. But, while the mining dispute has aggravated the problem, it does not in any way affect the arguments advanced above. It means only that the mass of unemployment to be dealt with is greater, and that the need for a restoration of the economic prosperity of our markets in Europe, and a reversal of foreign policy designed to bring this about, is therefore even more urgent than before.

G. D. H. C.

An Australian Paradise for the New Poor

By Mary Gaunt

Author of many Books of Travel

An Australian Paradise for the New Poor.

GIPPSLAND is a district of Victoria, and Victoria is the southernmost State of Australia. Its coast line roughly lies on the same line of latitude as the northern coast of Sicily, and the climate is the climate of Northern Italy. When first the country was settled it was covered with such dense forest and scrub that if the explorer made a mile a day he did well.

Nowadays this is all changed. The primeval forest has all been cleared away, and the rich land that bore the giant gum trees known in England as eucalyptus is now a range of smiling cornfields with neatly cut hedges an English farmer might envy.

It is a lovely land lying in the spring sunshine of October, the fields all sprouting vivid green and the farmhouses, pretty red bungalows, dotted about them close enough to each other to be neighbourly. For this is no lonely land fit only for the pioneer. The farmers are all British born, and, of course, white, for it is a "white" Australia, and the coloured man is barred out. The Government are keenly alive to the value of their possessions ; daily they are extending the railways and providing schools, and nearly every farm, even the most distant, can have its telephone, so that there is no question of being cut off.

And this land grows fruit of every variety in such quantities as I have never seen elsewhere. There are apples, pears, cherries, plums, greengages, peaches, apricots, figs, grapes, and latterly they have been paying great attention to the growing of citrus fruits, which promises to become a great industry. But indeed it is a most productive soil. There is the wheat, of course, and in the sheep districts every little town since the War is setting up its own woollen mill. Each small town, too, has electric plant for the providing of power and light, and everywhere there are butter factories, where you may see mountains of yellow butter waiting to be weighed and packed for export. In England, when I made inquiries some years ago, I found all this splendid butter was sold as "best English dairy," and, indeed, I have no hesitation in saying it is some of the best in the world, for the Government sets up a high standard, and there is so small a percentage of water allowed that no farmer's wife unaided by machinery could possibly get her butter so free from moisture and with so much solid fat per pound.

But what the country is crying out for is people, and more people, and still more people—people who are not afraid of work and who

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are willing to settle and bring up their children there. The work may be hard, but it is remunerative ; and it is not as hard as work on an English farm, where the winter, with its short dark days, has to be taken into consideration, for here the winter is the winter of Italy, refreshing rains alternating with golden sunshine, and the very earliest sunset is after five in the evening. Even in summer there are no hot nights, and in well-watered Gippsland there is never any fear of drought.

But the need of people is great. For instance, an elderly father and mother, with one son and daughter, run house and farm without any help whatever. There were two other sons, but they died for the Empire on the rocks at Gallipoli ; so have the war waves reached the far corners of the earth, and those left behind have to do the best they can.

And these are refined, educated people—people whom any one might be glad to call friends. The other day there was a conference of the Australian Women's National League at Sale, the capital of Gippsland, and there came down from Maffral to attend it a good-looking young woman of thirty in an exceedingly well-cut tailor-made coat and skirt. She was pleasant, she was charming, she knew much about the land and its needs, she read a well thought out, clever paper on the "purity of milk," and she told incidentally how, when her brothers were away at the War, she and her sister ran their farm without any help whatsoever, except that they managed to get men to do the shearing. Everything else they did themselves even to packing, sewing up, loading up and driving the wool packs to the railway station twenty miles from their farm.

And here surely is another solution of the "new poor" question in England. I read the other day in the *Daily Telegraph* a colonel's widow bemoaning the forlorn condition of her young daughters, whom the snobbish neighbours wouldn't ask to tennis parties. As a matter of fact, no one has a right to look on at life yearning for tennis parties, aiding in no way the progress of the Empire. These women cannot rest on their husbands' and fathers' laurels. They must make a place for themselves in the world. The time has gone by when their gentility counted. They must work for themselves. Why does this lady sit still and hope for matrimony as a solution of her difficulties in this manless world? Why not go out and live in an Italian climate and let those girls take their places as workers in a world where there is plenty of room, a warm welcome, and many a chance of attaining wealth and comfort?

It is only fair to state that much of the above information was given to me by my sister, Mrs. Lucy Archer, who is a great believer in the future of Australia, the temperate parts especially, and who is President of one of the sections of the Australian Women's National League.

The Coming of the Comet

By Ernest A. Bryant

THE Pons-Winnecke Comet has been exalted, or degraded, by sensational misrepresentation, to the *rôle* of Fat Boy of the skies and caused to make our flesh creep. On June 16th it crosses the track of the earth, and we were bidden cover our heads and await a collision. A miss is proverbially as good as a mile ; in the present instance it will be better than the average, for we shall not reach the point of intersection until the afternoon of June 25th, by which time Pons-Winnecke will be many millions of miles on its way. The Coming of the Comet.

We may pass through the hinder end of the comet's tail, stretched like an invisible banner through the heavens, but the only effect will be that the tiny dust-like meteors of which it is composed, raised to white heat by friction through contact with the earth's atmosphere, will reveal themselves in the form of what we term shooting stars. For the rest, only possessors of telescopes will succeed in descrying the Fat Boy. He has been too close to Jupiter for the good of his constitution. He has wasted his substance in riotous revolutions and has so diminished that he is as difficult to see as a star of the twelfth magnitude ; and unaided human vision is incapable of detecting anything less than the sixth.

What would have resulted had a collision actually come about ? In all likelihood we should have had an exhibition of shooting stars of exceptional grandeur ; that and nothing more. The heads of comets are believed to consist merely of closely massed meteors as minute as those of which the tail is composed. The astronomer at his glass, when a comet passes between his eye and a star, can still see the star with brightness almost undiminished ; so solidity, opacity, is not the property of a comet. Yet mankind has always feared these wandering mysteries ; sometimes as Pons-Winnecke has been feared this year. There was a dire panic, for example, in 1832, when it was known that Biela's Comet would pass through the earth's orbit ; and the expectation of terrestrial disruption was not dissipated until it was shown that at the critical moment the earth and the comet would be fifty million miles asunder.

In general, however, fear of comets has arisen less from material considerations than from gross superstition. A comet has appeared less formidable as a potential battering-ram than as an augury of woe and terror. The belief was encouraged that comets were symbols of community between earthly princes and the celestial powers. Who could suppose that the birth, victory, defeat, death

The Coming of the Comet.

or other signal adventure of a ruling sovereign would pass unnoted in the heavens? Shakespeare would not have Cæsar die without celestial augury:

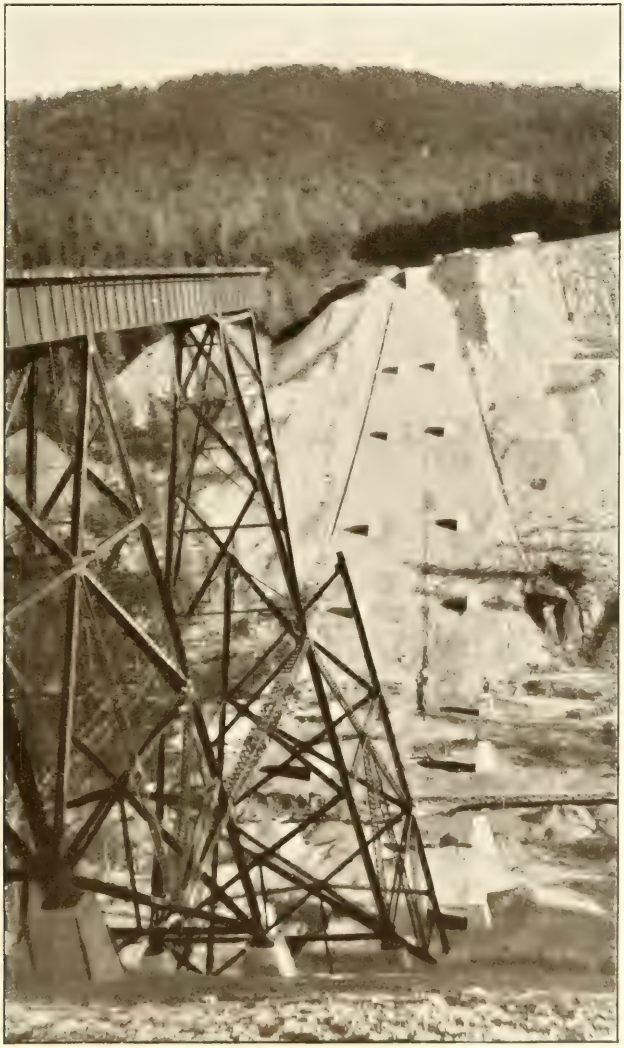
"When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

And history associates comets in their liveliest parabolas with human affairs. No pious Norman in William's *entourage* would have dreamed of disbelieving that the comet of 1066 was aught but a presage of victory for the Conqueror in Saxon England. Whenever a comet arose there was never lacking a prince into whose rise, decline or decease fear and flattery could not fit it.

But though comets were supposed in courts and camps to rise and wane only for the special behoof of principalities and powers, the common herd had its private opinions, and was guilty of such flagrant *lèse majesté* as to die of sheer terror in the belief that the celestial visitor presaged and provoked disaster to the man in the street and in the wattle hut. Men neglected hygiene and husbandry, with plague, pestilence and famine as the inevitable consequence—but they never doubted that recurrent comets were responsible. The very delirium tremens of imagination arose over the advent of these phenomena. An age which had seen America discovered and Australia sighted and the sea route to India opened, was reduced to madness by a comet. "It was so horrible, so frightful, and it produced such great terror in the vulgar, that many died of fear, and others fell sick. It appeared to be of excessive length and was of the colour of blood. At the summit of it was seen the figure of a bent arm, holding in its hand a great sword, as if about to strike. . . . On both sides of the rays of the comet were seen a great number of axes, knives, blood-coloured swords, among which were a great number of hideous human faces, with beards and bristling hair."

Doubtless Pons-Winnecke, in the course of its many journeys through our system, has scared our ancestors, as it would scare our uninstructed contemporaries, could it be seen this month. But gradually the world begins to realise that comets, errant as their course may seem, are subject to the same laws which govern our own place and pace in the void. It is possible that this will be Pons-Winnecke's last chance to affright us, for, as Biela's Comet broke up last century, so may Pons-Winnecke as a sequel to his recent approach to Jupiter.

Have you sent in your new Member yet? If every Member would enrol one friend we should double our membership.



The Deep Creek Bridge in course of construction. Photo sent by Mr. T. R. Hardiman, Manor Farm, Canford, Nicola Valley, B.C., Canada. This photograph has been awarded this month's prize.

Eastêr Island

Photographs of remote Easter Island, sent by Mr. P. H. Edmunds, a

Hundreds of Ancient Colossal Statues exist on the Island, many of great height.

Native Kanaka Girls.

Member of the Over-Seas Club, who prefers his island home to London.

Collecting Sheep for Shearing.

Cutting Horses' Manes and Tails.

A Crocodile 15 ft. 4 in. in length shot in the Straits Settlements. Photo sent by Mr. S. M. Fox, Byram Estate, Nebong Tebal, S.S.

Elephant piling Teak Logs in Burma. Photo sent by Mrs. E. L. Northcote, 10, Mission Road, Rangoon, Burma.

My Old English Herb-garden

By Eleanor Sinclair Rohde
Author of "A Garden of Herbs"

My Old English Herb-garden.

IT is not "a spacious enclosure, beautifully walled and gated," like the stately herb-garden at Oxford, for it is a cottage herb-garden. But it is full of old-world colours and delicious scents, and the humble, lovable plants one so rarely sees nowadays look happy in it. The tiny paths are stone-flagged, and between the flags grow varieties of wild thyme, whose mauve tints are beautiful against the weather-beaten stones. At the end of one path is a sun-dial, which looks as though it had not only lived with the same family for many generations, but as though it had also been loved by them and shared their joys and sorrows. The kindly herbs have long since made it welcome in this sanctuary, and with them it seems to have some secret understanding. The garden is like a page from an old illuminated missal, for in it there are no showy modern plants, but instead all the delicious old English herbs which have been grown and loved in this country from time immemorial. Bergamot, with its quaint red flowers, grows in masses near great bushes of horehound, the mellow tints of hyssop, marjoram, catmint and sage blend happily by the sides of the paths, and beyond are the lovely blues of borage, succory and flax. There are spaces restful with the soft neutral tones of lavender, not only the mauve, but also the pearly white which was Queen Henrietta Maria's favourite, lad's-love, tarragon, dill, and lovage, and in between bright splashes of colour—marigolds, valerian, tansy and the like. In one corner there is an old bush of red sage, luxuriant still in spite of its age, for it was planted by a friend "with a lucky hand," and red sage is never happy unless so planted. There are tall bushes of fennel, with the curiously polished stems and feathery tufts of leaves, and they remind one of the monastic herb gardens where this herb was grown in abundance to eat with fish on fast days. Beyond are clumps of the stately angelica, whose mystic virtues were revealed by an angel to a monk during a time of plague. Marigolds sow themselves where they please, and one likes to remember that this plant, which the modern gardener despises, has two beautiful old names:

> "Others name it 'the sunne's bride' and 'sunne's hearbe' in that the flowers of the same follow the sunne, as from the rising by the south unto the west, and by a notable turning, obeying to the sunne in such manner, that what part of heaven he possesseth, they unto the same turned and that in a cloudie and thicke ayre like directed, as they should be revived, quickened and moved with the spirit of him. Such is ye love of it knowen to be toward that royall starre."

My Old English Herb-garden.

Then there are patches of the lovely golden-flowered elecampane, the herb which derives its name from Helen of Troy, for when Paris carried her off, she had her hands full of its blossoms. In one corner there is an elder-tree, without which no herb-garden is complete, and if one stands under Mother Elder at midnight on Midsummer's Eve, one sees the King of the Elves and all his train go by.

The hedge which encloses the garden is made of rosemary, the herb which Sir Thomas More described as being the herb sacred to friendship. Even in winter the grey-green foliage is full of fragrance, and however far inland it grows, it preserves the memory of the sea in its bracing scent. Has any plant a sweeter name, for it means " dew of the sea " ? In Sicily they believe that the baby fairies sleep in the flowers of the rosemary, and where would they find lovelier cradles ? There is a world of truth in the old French language of flowers, and in that language rosemary represents the power of re-kindling lost energy. No bought scents can equal those of the old-world herbs, for they are full of sunshine and sweetness. " They are so soveraigne and so comfortable," wrote Gerard, in his " Herbal " (1597), " that no confection of the apothecaries can equall their excellent virtue." No wonder that in former days herbs were so largely used to ward off black magic, and, did we but know how to use them aright, who shall say that they would not be as powerful to-day to dispel gloom and depression ?

The herb-garden is never more lovable than in the full blaze of sunlight on a summer day, for then it is full of bees and fairies. We live in such a hurrying material age, that even in our gardens we seem to have forgotten the elves and fairies, who surely have the first claim on them. Their inheritance has been wrested from them, but create an old-world herb-garden, and fill it with thyme, foxgloves, rosemary, lavender, marjoram, hyssop, bergamot, horehound, cowslips and the like, and they return as to a familiar haunt. Perhaps when we revive our old love for herbs we shall re-capture the power to see the fairies, as our ancestors surely did. In the old herbals recipes to see the fairies are not common, it is true, but here is one dating from the imaginative Elizabethan age :

> " To enable one to see the fairies. A pint of sallet oyle, and put it into a vial glasse ; and first wash it with rose-water and marygolde water ; the flowers to be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle becomes white, then put into the glasse, and then put thereto the budds of holly-hocke, the flowers of marygolde, the flowers or toppes of wild thyme, the budds of young hazle, and the thyme must be gathered neare the side of a hill where fairies use to be ; and take the grasse of a fairy throne ; then all these put into the oyle in the glasse and sette it to dissolve three dayes in the sunne and then keep it for thy use."

How to Live after Forty

By a Doctor

How to Live after Forty.

WHEN a man has seen his fortieth birthday go by it is time that he sit down quietly and take stock of himself. Shall it be a long and healthy life—and health is near to happiness—or a short and merry one—and merriment's not far from tears ?

He should be, now, about at his prime, and he will cheerfully tell you that he does not feel a day older than when he was twenty-five. He will almost certainly believe this till he comes quietly and impartially to reckon himself up. Only then will he realise that quite a number of changes have taken place, unnoticed, but none the less real.

His powers of physical endurance may be the same or even better than when younger ; but should he have occasion to tax them to the limit, he will find his recovery from the resulting fatigue is by no means so rapid and complete as is that of the younger man, who will take perhaps but hours to his days.

As the years go on he will find bones become more brittle and easier broken, accidents more likely to be attended with serious results, and illness not so quickly thrown off. His keenness for games involving exertion will be less, and he will begin to appreciate comfort rather than excitement.

All these are warnings that he is not quite what he was, however good he may be, and that he must begin to let his intellect govern his impulses and desires more completely if he would live out his allotted span. No one can afford to disregard them.

The pleasures of the table and the comfort of the easy chair appeal to him more powerfully than of yore, and these he must be ever on the watch to guard against. Over feeding, or too free indulgence in alcohol are bad enough at any time, but for the man who sees " fifty " looming in the near distance their effects may be disastrous.

His metabolism (the breaking down and building up of the tissues) is not so active now as in youth, and he only requires sufficient food to maintain his body in its present state. More than this will only mean a clogging up of the whole system with superfluous and injurious material, and a hastening of the degenerating process natural to age.

He will be wise to lead a moderately strenuous life, and not cultivate luxury and ease too assiduously. An upright carriage, with well-squared shoulders and a vigorous stride, will go a long way towards maintaining a vigorous digestion and circulation.

He should not look upon himself as growing old, and anticipate the " lean and slippered " stage. To keep young, he should live

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young, and, as far as possible within reason, cultivate a taste for the sports and pastimes he enjoyed in his youth. Of course, I except the more strenuous ones like football, hockey, lacrosse, etc., which are essentially for the young, and the physically fit at that. As time goes on he will find he has got to drop some of them, and others he must indulge in with more caution. Above all must he avoid the exhaustion line. It is all very well to boast how far one can walk or cycle, or how many rounds of golf one can do in a day ; but can you do it without over-fatigue, Mr. Fifty ? If not, don't try.

Exercise in the open air, whatever form it may take, whether sport like fishing or shooting, or games like golf or tennis, will do more to keep a man young in body than any other method that can be used.

The definition of "exercise" is "pleasurable exertion that induces deep breathing."

The teeth will now need careful attention, if they have not done so before, and, at all cost, they should get it. Nobody but an exceptionally vigorous man can expect good health with bad or indifferent teeth. Efficient digestion depends so largely on efficient mastication that, if this be absent, nutrition is almost sure to fail, and the pains and miseries of indigestion make the down-grade steeper. Besides, while septic teeth are always injurious, even a broken or jagged one now becomes a real menace. Many a cancer has begun with a sore tongue from a bad tooth.

At this period of one's life the eyes begin to lose some of their power to adapt themselves for seeing near objects, though they may focus as well as ever for distant ones. Sooner or later glasses will have to be worn, and better soon than late. It is no use to procrastinate once they have become necessary, or eyestrain with all its attendant evils will be the inevitable result, and it is so easily avoided. When you find you have to hold your book further away than you were accustomed to do, don't delay. Get a specialist to prescribe for you, and your eyes will last you far longer, and probably do good work to the end.

Avoid worry. It will wear you out as fast as a disease, and probably do but little good. Avoid strains on your circulation, such as running after a full meal or lifting weights beyond your strength. Better miss the train than catch it dead. Always take plenty of fluid, and avoid constipation by every means in your power. Cultivate a regular habit, and don't be afraid of a dose of salts when necessary.

Follow these rules intelligently, maintain a cheerful outlook on life, and, if you have lived cleanly in the past you should, even at seventy, be able to give the youngsters quite a good run for their money.

JOHN E. RANSFORD.

Should Women Play Men's Games?

By F. C. Yardley

HE best answer to the question is—trust to the wisdom of their mother-wit and leave women to discover for themselves what they are or are not fit for in the domain of sports and games, as in other matters. Some will determine that men's games are very much to their liking and well within their capacity. These will cheerfully take possession of them with all the keenness with which women usually set about such things. Others will estimate the sports of the harder sex as of little worth from their particular point of view, and will avoid them in consequence.

Should Women Play Men's Games?

That would be all the answer the question demands but for the fact that good people whose mission it is to make straight the crooked things of life, have recently uttered portentous warnings against girls taking to games and sports that are "more suitable for boys"; that it is better to see girls engage in games and exercises that "make for grace," meaning, presumably, grace of movement and carriage. They have also alleged other ominous things which can be interpreted only as a contention that the playing of boys' games and the training of girls to be good wives and mothers are incompatible propositions.

Our flesh refuses to creep at the apprehensions they invite us to enjoy. There are some well-meaning people who deprecate every new tendency or movement—as the gentleman in "Pickwick" ate crumpets—on principle. Any suggestion of progress or change excites their misgivings.

It is a significant fact that the sports which are making most headway in popularity to-day are the ones in which men and women are able to take part on something approaching equal terms, such as lawn tennis, golf, hockey, rowing and fencing, and those who have at heart the encouragement of healthy outdoor sports have long ago come to the conclusion that the growing participation of women in games once exclusively confined to men is an influence for good all round—for the women, the men, and the games themselves.

It has given men and women new topics of mutual interest, and it is helping to eradicate unwholesome prudery born of conditions amounting formerly to the virtual segregation of the sexes. In place of prudery it is fostering that frank and candid comradeship which ought to exist between healthy-minded men and women.

If a game is treated as a game—a recreation and nothing more—no harm is likely to come to women who play it, even if hitherto it has been regarded as the special preserve of men. It should be a

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means to an end, and the end should be a healthy body and its natural accompaniment—a healthy mind. If it is allowed to become an obsession its mental and physical value depreciates. This applies to men as well as to women.

The worth of a game lies in the pleasure it gives. If it is played "against the collar," that is to say, under conditions adverse to enjoyment, with the player forced by circumstances to "make heavy weather of it," more harm than good is liable to follow, especially in the case of a woman. That is why some prudent judges, by no means in the rear of rational progress, condemn the long drawn out compulsory play involved in such contests as lawn tennis tournaments. Competitors in these and similar competitions are bound to take part, no matter whether their inclinations say yea or nay, and the strain of such difficult conditions is conducive to trouble. These same prudent judges look without favour upon a hard cricket ball as an ingredient of a woman's game. They do not condemn cricket as unsuitable, but they prefer to see it played by women with a soft ball. What is considered by the majority of Britons as the greatest of all games, and is, in fact, a game whose very name has been epitomised into a standard of straight dealing, does not depend for its unequalled qualities upon the hardness of the ball. The spirit of the game is there be the ball hard or soft.

To extract the full measure of enjoyment, and therefore of benefit, from any kind of open-air game it is absolutely essential to be properly equipped for the exertion it entails. In this matter women are slowly but surely casting obsolete traditions to the winds and adopting costumes dictated by common sense and the needs of the sports they follow. Untrammelled by useless encumbrances all games and exercises should "make for grace."

No one need fear that the playing of healthy outdoor games is likely to diminish either the desire for motherhood or the capacity of mothers. This idea has long since been rejected as a delusion. Indeed, scientific investigation has proved the contrary. Any wane in this respect is far more likely to occur in the case of women with minds wholly concentrated on futility.

It is as wives and mothers that, perhaps, women are gaining most from their proclivity for sport. The comradeship of married life is obviously increased in a sport-loving community when husband and wife have mutual interest in games as well as in other matters. As a mother, too, a woman's practical appreciation of boys' games will be of inestimable value to her.

For good or for ill, the love and pursuit of sport by women is greatly on the increase, and has to be taken into account. That the good very largely predominates will be the opinion of all whose eyes and senses are not sealed by invincible prejudice.

Camping in South Africa—What the Scout Training Means

By Horace B. Evans, Brereton, Transvaal

Camping in South Africa—What the Scout Training Means.

WHEN I roused two young nephews, lately arrived from England, in the early morning of the day for which I had promised them an outing and encampment, their awakening from boyhood's profound slumbers was gradual and gentle, like that of the dawn itself.

But excitement returned at the wash-bowl, and soon, though not before an ample, if early, breakfast had prepared us well for the road, our light wagon was clattering over the veld to the accompaniment of a running fire of eager comment. Eyes, quickened by Boy Scout training, sighted now a great hawk motionless in a tree, now a pair of hammerkops beside an ant-heap, now a "meerkat" peering at the passers-by ; or they noted some phenomenon of water-washed road, or other wayside or more distant feature of the scene. If excitement gradually died down, there was no flagging of enjoyment, and before an hour was out, the boys were singing to themselves in settled pure content.

At the siding, where I was to send away a truckload of poles, we took possession of the big wagon which was to be our home for the next few days, the boys diving with enthusiasm into the cavern beneath the sail-wrapped wagon ; and while they debated the sleeping arrangements with an intense earnestness, their heads began to make the acquaintance of the various beams and bolts underneath a wagon. The centre of interest shifting quickly to the commissariat, I heard such exclamations as—"What a lovely chicken!" "Jam!" "That's the stuff to give them!"

The Scout and the Cub. Photo sent by Mr. H. B. Evans, Brereton, Transvaal.

Camping in South Africa —What the Scout Training Means.

It was a relief to find that the Scouts could offer me a really well-made cup of tea ; and in the next few days I was to see a good deal more of Scout training, and to learn enough of the Scout movement—partly from Scout literature we had brought with us, and partly from two living illustrations—to capture my admiration. Whether the Scout and the Cub were making fires, or washing themselves or the dirty pots, whether fetching the water or carrying messages, all their work was willingly and thoroughly done ; and thus done—I could often detect it—out of their young spirits' loyalty to Scout Law. And the boys were the easier to manage and were the better companions to me for their Scout habits of obedience and discipline, these by no means ruling out fun.

It was deeply interesting to me, who have behind me a lengthy South African experience, to watch the relations between the white boys fresh from Europe and the natives of my loading party who had followed us on foot from the farm, and who reached the siding after nightfall in high spirits, hailing their little white friends from a distance out of the darkness. The two boys were fascinated by the scene round the blazing fire, as the loading party sat in a half-ring and drank tea ; and were plainly allured by the vivacity, gay laughter and jokes of the natives, as what boy would not be ? There was the youth Kantole with his glittering eye and irrepressible gaiety ; still with a child's joy in life, therefore, a ready sympathiser with children. There was his elder brother, Mafaiele, a travelled youth who knows Pretoria well, and who expresses approval by a comment "topola," which I didn't all at once recognise as a Tuluised form of "top-hole." And when the Scout impulsively ran round the fire and cast himself down by the side of the third native youth, with whom he had cultivated a special acquaintance, and smiled up to him with a winning friendliness, I was glad that the English boys should be beginning their acquaintance with the native race with open minds and pleasant first impressions. Nevertheless, knowing more of the craft and grossness that are a race inheritance of the natives, I was glad that my two nephews, born in South Africa, had been out of it during their most plastic years. I am not censuring a race—the natives are the creatures of their wilder conditions no less than we of more ordered ones ; and I look onward to a day when the greatest of South Africa's undeveloped riches will be known by all its races to be its truth and faith between man and man.

On the second day, whilst we awaited a delayed truck and shielded ourselves from abnormal heat beneath the wagon, the boys had a taste of South Africa "ennui." During the middle hours of the day they made but a short journey or two afield—exploring the line and finding Cape gooseberries and wild bilberries, or discovering the daintiest of nests made of the interwoven living grass. That

Camping in South Africa —What the Scout Training Means.

the boys in the main were keenly enjoying their camping was shown by their wishes, ardently expressed as they lay on their backs beneath the wagon in the mid-day heat, that something might happen to prolong the outing ; the Scout wishing that the "bowsprit," as he called the disselboom, might break, the Cub hoping that one of the oxen might get lost and be away for about five days.

Our business was merrily despatched on the third day, the loaders being anxious to get home. By this time the white members of the party, however, had begun to feel an affection for our pole-strewn corner between the wagon and the rails, with the cattle-trucking kraal closing us in on a third side. The return journey began with some hours of light still left, and the oxen, turned homeward, wanted to trot. The Scout and the Cub passed much of the way curled up at the bottom of the wagon, sometimes hiding their faces beneath the sail to avoid the sun and to pass the time and the road quickly ; but they awakened to liveliness in the cool of the evening, grew excited when the driver stalked quails by the wayside and killed them with his whiplash, and settled in the dusk to a boys' concert that lasted till the happy, voluble reunion with their parents. We may leave the Scout and the Cub as their father draws one to each side and bends over them to hear their stories.

"It was a relief to find that the Scouts could offer me a really well-made cup of tea." Photo sent by Mr. B. H. Evans, Brereton, Transvaal.

"Overseas" Photographic Contest for 1921—22

"Overseas" Photographic Contest for 1921—22.

IN view of the unique circulation of "Overseas," and the fact that no other magazine printed in the English language, nor indeed in any language, can have such a world-wide family of readers, we believe that the photographs of our Members, showing them reading "Overseas," are of very considerable interest in helping us to visualise the ordinary surroundings of our fellow-readers. We have decided, therefore, to offer the following prizes :—

(1) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a man reader of "Overseas" anywhere.

(2) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a woman reader of "Overseas" anywhere.

(3) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a boy or girl under sixteen reading "Overseas," outside the British Empire.

(4) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a boy or girl under sixteen reading "Overseas" in Canada.

(5) Ditto in Australia.

(6) Ditto in South Africa.

(7) Ditto in New Zealand.

(8) Ditto in Newfoundland.

(9) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a child under ten reading "Overseas" anywhere.

All photographs should reach us not later than Empire Day, May 24th, 1922, but we hope that our readers will not wait till then but send them along at once.

The contest is open to Members or non-Members, other than professional photographers. We hope that this competition will result in many very interesting photographs being sent to us, which will be published month by month in "Overseas."

Competitors are asked to write *very distinctly*, on the backs of the photographs sent in, their names and addresses and any description that may be necessary.

A Day of My Life on a Naval Wireless Station

A Day of My Life on a Naval Wireless Station.

WAKENED by the bright tropical sunshine, I turn out, and in due course put in an appearance at breakfast, which consists of local produce helped out by navy rations. Breakfast—not forgetting the after-breakfast pipe and yarn with my brother officers—being over, I go across to the "power building" and make the usual tour of inspection.

The stoker on watch reports everything correct, and I adjourn to the fitting shop, where the engine-room artificer, commonly called the E.R.A., is busy, assisted by a stoker day man, in carrying out repairs or replacing parts of gear worn by use. He has enough work in this way to keep him busy, for the amount of apparatus of various kinds on a wireless telegraph station would astonish the layman.

Having heard what he has to report I go out into the brilliant sunshine (I have not mentioned before that this station is on or near the "Line") and have a look at the masts and rigging. Any broken wires or "Irishmen's pendants," *i.e.*, bits of spunyarn, etc., from the serving of the stays blowing out like streamers, mean that either the aerial will have to be lowered or that some one will go aloft in a bo'sun's chair to effect repairs, though this is not of very common occurrence. Assuming, however, that some defect aloft needs investigation, the bo'sun's chair, which consists of a piece of board suspended by a rope from each corner spliced into a ring above, is shackled to a gantline, which passes over a block at the masthead, more than 300 feet up in this case, and back to the winch. A tail rope to control the chair from the ground being bent on to it, and the winch manned by four men, I take my seat and up I go. It takes some twenty minutes to reach the top of the mast, and having effected repairs, perhaps twenty seconds to come down again if the man handling the winch is skilful!

About this time eight bells of the forenoon watch will be heard striking (mid-day), and I wander over to the mess and have tiffin. After this I visit the receiving room, have a look at the day's traffic, hear reports on the gear, and after collecting the log sheets I proceed to the office to work out the "day's run," which includes such details as traffic handled, fuel burnt, oil used, total power generated, and the amount used and stored in the battery. With the thermometer at 88° F. and the sweat running down one's fingers till the slide of one's calculating rule sticks in its grooves, working out log sheets is an over-rated amusement.

A Day of My Life on a Naval Wireless Station.

Various office jobs like this fill in my time till seven bells (3.30 p.m.), when day men knock off work. If returns are all finished and there is nothing needing attention on the station, I now follow their excellent example and leave the power building. After discussing tea, we have a choice of tennis, sailing, fishing in the sea, or going for a walk. The latter is a trifle monotonous after the first novelty and glamour of the tropics has worn off. One cocoanut palm is very much like another and the place is packed with them. Vanilla also is not vastly interesting, nor are bananas ; there is not much in the way of country scenery except long vistas of cocoanuts, and whichever way you go it is cocoanuts or bananas *ad nauseam*.

Bathing is dangerous on account of sharks, which often come close in to the beach—in fact, one about 8½ feet long was caught from the beach in about 4 feet of water, just where we often bathe. Nevertheless, we occasionally take a chance and have a dip, splashing continuously and keeping a bright lookout for the ominous dorsal fin sailing along just out of water like a submarine's periscope. Another evening pastime which we have given up, now that there is no chance of the station being attacked, is revolver practice, the Admiralty having provided pistols for each officer and man, together with the necessary ammunition and targets. Some of us got quite expert during our regular practices when there really was a chance of attack by an enemy. We used to shoot at 25 and 50 yards at a cardboard target, showing a 6-inch bull.

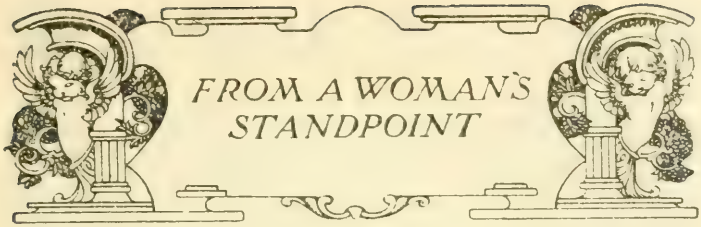
In these latitudes daylight lasts more or less from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. all the year round, without much change, so we come in and clean for dinner about six o'clock. Barring accidents or breakdowns, I am free till the next morning, but have to be always ready, of course, assisted by the rest of the staff, to trace and remove faults of all kinds in any of the apparatus, day or night. Sometimes I get a run of bad luck and am up night after night ; at other times there is not enough to do and I get bored stiff, but on the whole and taking one thing with another it is not a bad life. However, after four years of it, the sooner I am relieved and can get back to England the better pleased will I be.

G. H. L.

In the Indian Ocean.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

" Overseas " offers (1) One prize of one guinea every month for the best or most interesting photograph sent in by a Member of the Over-Seas Club. (2) One guinea to the boy or girl under 18 years of age, the child of a Member, for the best photograph taken by him or her.



FIRST FOOTSTEPS

" A little way, more soft and sweet
Than fields aflower with may,
A babe's feet, venturing, scarce complete
A little way.

" Eyes full of dawning day
Look up for Mother's eyes to meet,
Too blithe for song to say.

" Glad as the golden spring to greet
It's first live leaflets play,
Love, laughing, leads the little feet
A little way."

Swinburne.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

" THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS."—One of my difficulties in writing these notes, from a woman's point of view, is the difficulty of selection. Hundreds of topics pass through my mind during the month which interest me and which I think quite possibly might interest you, too. For instance, this month I am going to comment on a letter I have received on the subject of loneliness. I also want to write something about the scarlet hat fever ; on the Labour May Day celebrations here ; on how women are educating themselves in citizenship ; on teaching girls at school how to dress ; on manners in 'bus and tube (or the lack of them, have it whichever way you will) ; on the minor inconveniences of the coal strike, and on dozens of other things. Indeed, there is no end to it all. However, I shall start on the letter on loneliness, and see how far I get. In its way it is a human document, and, as the writer gives permission for its publication, I give it in full.

A READER'S REFLECTIONS ON LONELINESS. -" In last month's issue of ' Overseas,' ' Wayfarer ' writes on the subject of lonely people, and gives her views on the subject. Now I happen to be one of the lonely ones, and herewith are my views, which I maintain are right. To begin with, I am a young man (27) turned out of a County Council school at the age of 14. All I know is the three R.'s. My people are too poor to give me a university education, and so I have had a very bad start in life. Right from the beginning I am in the wrong environment and my views of life are very narrow. Why ? Because I have not been educated enough.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

Obviously the only thing for me to do is to work out my own salvation. This I try to do, and succeed to a certain extent. I find that real friendship is a very rare thing, and that when you do find it, it will stand the test even to the limit of self-sacrifice. So I proceed to put my 'friends' to the test, and find them all (to be candid) shallow, selfish, ignorant, and lacking an ideal in life which would help them to build up character. The only friends I have are God and my mother (my father is dead)—the best of pals. I also find 'my friends' lacking in refinement. This is born in you; education does not make it. Ask them to come to the opera, and they will reply that it is only for the 'toffs,' and besides we don't understand it. 'Do you know Shakespeare?' 'No. Where does he work?' Have you heard 'William Tell'? 'I don't know him. Is he a labour leader?' Am I to make friends with people like this, who have got brains and will not use them? No! I stand alone! That is one side of life. There are a good many people who, like myself, will not tolerate their 'friends,' and are, therefore, in the great army of lonely ones. Another thing that has struck me is that human nature will always be the same, and the root of it all is (as 'Wayfarer' says) selfishness."

AND COMMENTS THEREON.—There are a great many things to be said with regard to this letter. In the first place, I would say to the writer, if I may: "If you would have a friend, you must first of all be one." Instead of putting your friends to the test, put yourself to the test. Perhaps you, too, would be found lacking in some respects. If you do not know Emerson's Essay on "Friendship," read it. As for lack of education, there you have my fullest sympathy, especially as education in a wide sense means far more than book-learning; it means rubbing shoulders with one's superiors in mind and soul, and, if possible, with other nations as well, and all this means money and opportunity. But one can do much for oneself even if one is poor. There are splendid libraries where our correspondent lives. I am sure there are plenty of free lectures, and I expect, too, there are kindly clergy who would be glad to advise and lend a hand to any seeker after the things that are worth while.

As to refinement being born in one, I do not know. It is far more a question of character and insight than of class, as far as my experience goes. I remember once reading a story of O. Henry's, which has remained in my mind. Two girls worked together in a large store who were friends. One had ambitions to rise out of the sphere in which she was born. But she was not vulgar; she wanted the real things, she wanted beauty and refinement and knowledge, not money or show. So she took to studying the customers that came her way; she noticed differences between them; she selected those she admired and copied them. She

grew quieter and neater in her appearance, she modulated her voice, she read good books, and ultimately she met and married a man who also cared for the things that count. I forget what happened to the other girl, but think she grasped at money and, in getting it, missed everything. In America hitherto these things have happened more easily than here, but now the people here are asking themselves why they, too, should not be as good as any one else? There is no reason at all, if once you realise that it is a question not so much of the trappings of life as of mind and soul. From a Woman's Standpoint.

PATRONAGE AND PRETENCE MUST GO.—Vulgarity of mind is not confined to any particular class, nor is refinement either. I am fortunate enough to possess friends in every class, and I find what binds us to one another is a certain similarity of outlook towards essentials. We do not pretend there are no differences between us, there are; differences in manner, in accent, in clothes, but they are accidents.

Often and often have I thought, as I pass fellow-wayfarers in the streets, how much we should have to say to one another if we but spoke the same language and could bridge the invisible barriers which keep us apart. But before this thrice-blessed condition of affairs can be achieved, much dross must be cast away. Patronage on one side and pretence on the other must go; patience, an honest acceptance of facts, and a readiness to learn from one another, must take their place. I respect my unknown reader; he is trying to face facts, he is stirred with divine discontent, and I have no doubt in due time he will work out his own salvation. May he go on and prosper.

A PIN MONEY CLUB.—A member from South Africa kindly sends me particulars of a Pin Money Club which flourishes in her town. The idea is somewhat similar to that of Women's Exchanges, about which I have already received some useful information.

The Pin Money Club has distinct points of its own and is less ambitious than a Women's Exchange, permanent premises not being necessary, and I think, therefore, that Members may be glad to have the following particulars :—

OBJECTS.—To encourage and assist those who desire to employ their leisure profitably. The club is open to all, and members will be known to the public by numbers only.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.—Annual subscription 5s., which shall commence from November 1st of each year.

SALES.—One-day sales will be held at stated intervals during the year (at least once a quarter), but all particulars regarding date and place will be published in the local press.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

All moneys obtained from the sale of members' goods will be paid over to them, less 5 per cent. which will be deducted to defray working expenses.

These rules sound practical and to the point, and I should think would be of great use to many home-workers who dislike selling to their friends.

The Committee of Management wisely suggest that the most saleable goods are those which are practical and useful. This is a point which cannot be too strongly emphasised. The woman who spends hours making impossible fancy articles is the despair of those who wish to help her. She makes things which no one ought to make and which no one ought to buy : and, nowadays, they will not buy them. The tidal-wave of war has swept the bazaar trifle away, and for that let us be thankful.

A WAYFARER.

A Summer Rhyme

A Summer Rhyme.

OME, let us sing, and let the woodland ring
With laughter's fling. Young birds are on the wing,
And winds that swing, to all sweet odours bring
Of honeysuckle, rose, and new-mown hay.

Gone are the may, bluebells, the primrose way ;
This is the day of poppies bright and gay,
And jasmine spray, and em'rald tints that play
'Round honeysuckle, rose, and new-mown hay.

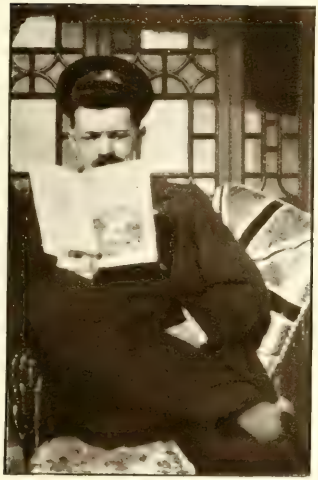
Skylarks ascend, and songs of matin send
To every friend, and lightsome, gay the trend.
All voices blend, while sun-streaked streamlets wend
Thro' honeysuckle, rose, and new-mown hay.

The nightingale, when dreams o'erspread a veil,
And curfews wail, makes music in the vale ;
The owl doth rail as Night King, while moths trail
Thro' honeysuckle, rose, and new-mown hay.

Bride Summer reigns o'er blissful rich domains,
And thinks the pains of nursing worth the gains,
While bees on plains, and butterflies in lanes
Seek honeysuckle, rose, and new-mown hay.
Bride Summer reigns
O'er honeysuckle, rose, and new-mown hay.
Come, let us sing !

IEUAN REES-DAVIES.

168, Drakefell Road, Brockley, London, S.E. 4.



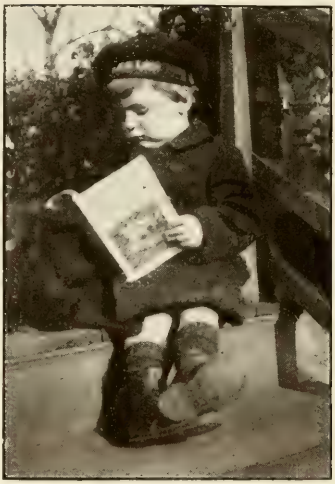
Mr. W. G. L. Sell, C.M. Customs, Ningpo, China.

Reading "Overseas" under difficulties. Mr. W H. Hoare, of Gibraltar, one of our most enthusiastic Members, with his sons, Eric and Keith, both of whom are also Members.

Christmas, 1920, at Chaguaramas, Island, Trinidad, B.W.I. Photo sent by Mr. Rudolph Read, Port of Spain, Trinidad

Reading "Overseas"

Mr. F. S. La Trobe. The amateur Barber is Mr. G. Tylden, H.C.S., Appledore P.O., Commissie-poort, Marseilles, O.F.S.



Sidney J. Jackson. Photo sent by Miss H. Ross Eggatt, 1109, Boylston Street, Chestnut Hill, Mass., U.S.A.

Mr. J. Mitchell, George Town, Cape Province, South Africa, in his Garden.

Children's Questions. I.

THE work of the home-maker cannot be considered as ending with the provision of all that is necessary for the physical needs of the family. Food, warmth, clothing, shelter, these are the primitive needs of our children, but these being satisfied, the parent's responsibility is only beginning to be fulfilled, and were all these things provided by other hands the most important work still awaits the mother—the training of the mind of the growing child.

It is true that we live in an age of specialism, and no one woman could possess so wide a knowledge as would enable her to give the education which the child of to-day must have if human progress is to be maintained. The child needs the stimulus of companionship with its fellows, the sympathetic help of trained teachers, access to libraries, museums, picture galleries, good music—in short, the ideal liberal education which we all feel should be within reach of every child *who is capable of benefiting by it*, means a great deal more than any one human pair can provide. What the mother and father ought to be able to do is to make the child capable of appreciating a liberal education, to encourage its interest in all good things, to stimulate every healthy natural bent of the child's mind - and in the normal child every natural tendency of the mind is healthy, unless, and until it is warped by unnatural repression or misdirection.

In one of Tennyson's poems, "An old Maid," the heroine explains that she prefers cats to babies, because children are always "axing of awkward questions and saying ondecent things," and even now that horrible sentence, "Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies," is occasionally addressed to a child. To my mind there is never any excuse for lying to a child, and so soon as a child is old enough to ask seriously any question however "awkward" it has a right to receive a truthful reply, even if that reply has to be, "I do not know the answer to that, but I will try to find out," or indeed, sometimes, "No one can answer that question, but perhaps some day you may be the person who will find out."

No child thinks the worse of a grown-up person who admits ignorance it may rather increase a sense of sympathy and comradeship; but no child fails to resent a sense of having been humbugged or put off with what it sooner or later finds out to be

Children's Questions. I.

false information. And every normal child always has been directly or indirectly seeking information about everything under the sun all the time. Thank goodness for that, else should we all still be living in caves !

A picture rises in my mind of a family tea party, rather dull and solemn, and a small boy with fair curls, seven or eight years old, very busy on a large piece of cake ; it is almost too large in the eyes of his elderly nurse, who sits beside him, watching every mouthful with an eagle eye. Suddenly the small boy's blue eyes turn up with a solemn, wondering, seraphic expression, and he enquires in a high voice :

" Say, will all this nice cake come out of me to-morrow ? "

The old nurse, crimson and shocked, turns a furious face upon him :

" For shame, you rude boy ! Don't speak another word. I never heard of such a thing—and before your auntie, too."

But the young aunt, fortunately a student at college, is quite calm, and says quietly :

" No, Tommy, it doesn't all come out of you; some of it goes to make muscle and bone and blood. After tea, if you like, I'll draw you a diagram—that's a sort of picture, you know—and show you just what happens to the cake. Only Nannie is quite right—we don't talk about it at meals, because some people don't like it, and at meals we have to talk about what every one likes."

At a delightful series of lectures to juveniles given in the Christmas holidays at the Royal Institution of London by that great scientist, Professor Keith, on " The Human Machine," he held spellbound a large audience of youngsters—and many parents and bald-headed professors, too—while he showed, among other things, the progress of a " bismuth meal " illustrated by many wonderful slides and diagrams. No one could have failed to observe the intense interest of the children in these demonstrations of the everyday wonders of digestion and assimilation.

To those great men, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, and their successors, who came down from their thrones of learning and taught the wonders of science to little children, we mothers owe a great deal. Thanks to their labours there is accessible to most of us enough knowledge of elementary natural science to enable us to answer many of our children's questions with accuracy and intelligence. So there is really no excuse for us if we allow our boys and girls to grow up in ignorance about their own bodies or about any other natural facts in which they are interested. What is dangerous to a child is not curiosity, but unsatisfied curiosity. As a rule, the moment a question is answered it ceases to be of any interest or urgency at all, but gives place to some other speculation or amusement.

OVERSEAS

Children's Questions. I.

In many matters in which well-meaning parents thoughtlessly deceive their children the truth is often more beautiful than the fable. What strange perversion can have led thousands of parents to deliberately tell their children that their Christmas presents are brought down chimneys by a red-nosed old man with a white beard ? We even hear of children who have found out the deception pretending to their parents that they believe their fable. The element of surprise is the excuse given sometimes—children love surprises. Surely they would be just as happy if they were told that the birthday of One who loved children was celebrated in all the homes of those who love Him by an exchange of gifts, and by happiness and feasts ? I have heard quite apparently honest parents say proudly, " Our children still believe in Father Christmas." Alas ! so will they believe any and every fable you like to tell them—until they find you out. No longer. The absolute trust and confidence of the little child should be protected and cherished tenderly ; sympathy, frankness and honesty will keep it alive through long years, a safeguard and a shield, but the first discovered falseness shatters it for ever.

ERNESTINE MILLS.

Best Way

[Mrs. Ernestine Mills, who edits our Home-Makers' pages, is ready to answer questions or to give any advice for which our readers may ask her.]

Every sender of a " Best Way " tip is entitled to nominate a friend to receive six free issues of " Overseas."

Best Way.

FOUR USEFUL TIPS.—

1. Iron rust removed from white goods by sour milk.
2. Scorch stains from white linen, lay in bright sun.
3. To cleanse wall papers, rub with flannel dipped in oatmeal.
4. Hands from vegetable stains, rub with a slice of raw potato.—W. Codrington, Villa Roccaromana-Posillipo, Naples, Italy.

" DIVINITY FUDGE."—Part 1.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of white Karo syrup (Lyle's *Golden* Syrup will do or " white " if they have it), half a cup of boiling water. Boil until a firm ball sets in cold water. Set on back of stove or on the " hob," add rind of one lemon (grated) and one tablespoon of lemon juice.

Part 2.—One cup of sugar (white), one-third of a cup of boiling water. Boil until it spins a thread from the spoon. After beating two egg whites stiff with a pinch of salt, add Part 2 and beat thoroughly, but slowly ; then add Part 1, and a cup of nut meats (walnut is preferable), beat again and pour into buttered pan, and before becoming hard, cut into squares.—Miss R. Waterfield, 203, Broadway, Taunton, Mass., U.S.A.

IRON RUST AND GREASE STAINS.—To remove iron rust from linen or cotton goods, boil a small quantity of rhubarb and dip in the spotted portions of the material.

Eucalyptus oil will remove grease stains from any kind of material.

Best Way. Apply with a piece of clean flannel and rub gently till stains disappear.—W. H. Kerrison, Ballalaba P.O., *via* Braidwood, N.S.W., Australia.

CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Put some unslaked lime into a cup, very slightly beat the white of an egg, mix with the lime to a thin mixture, consistency of thin icing. Smear the edges of the china, fit together and leave to dry.

STEAM-PROOF GUM FOR ENVELOPES.—Smear white of egg on the inside of the flag of the envelope.—Mrs. Hustler, Hotel Metropole, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

SAUCE.—The best home-made sauce I have come across is made thus :—Four pounds of tomatoes, washed and cut in halves. Put them in a pan and boil well. When cool, peel off the skins. Grind eight ounces of ginger, four ounces of garlic, four ounces of raisins, half an ounce of red chillies, one and a half pounds of sugar. Add quarter of a pound of salt dissolved in quarter of a bottle of vinegar to the pulp. Mix well together and boil. Strain out the sauce into bottles, wax the corks. It should be strained through a gravy strainer.

CHUTNEY.—Take the residue of above and add to it eight ounces of raisins, four ounces of almonds or nuts, and eight ounces of sugar. Mix up the pulp in quarter of a bottle of vinegar and boil. This makes an excellent chutney.—E. J. Beer, c/o Messrs. Cooks, Box 46, Bombay, India.

THE VIRTUES OF KEROSENE.—How great a saving of energy there would have been had we but known in bygone days of the simple recipe which now robs washing of real hard labour ! When Miss Isabella Bird was on her travels through the Rockies she observed that the wives of the miners used kerosene to clean their husbands' very dirty garments, never rubbing them. She asked for and obtained the proportions, which are : eight gallons of water, eight ounces of soap, four tablespoonsful of kerosene. The method of using : Cut up the soap and let it dissolve in the water in the copper ; when the water is boiling add the kerosene and put in the clothes quite dry (only blood-stains require to be first washed) ; rinse and use a second rinse water. The first rinse water may be returned to the copper as containing a good deal of the soap. No rubbing to destroy the surface ! Where a wringer is used the life of fabrics is very considerably prolonged. That method has been used for fifteen years by one who adds to the " Song of Thanksgiving," " Blessed be Kerosene ! " as well as " Blessed be Drudgery ! "—Mrs. Rate, Milton Court, Dorking, Surrey, England.

PEACH, RIPE FIG AND TOMATO JAM.—Six pounds of ripe figs, one pound of ripe tomatoes, two pounds of yellow peaches, juice of two lemons, four and a half pounds of sugar, a small teaspoonful of salt, a little bruised ginger in a bag, to be taken out. Chop, but do not peel, the figs. Slice the peaches and tomatoes, add enough water to melt the sugar first, then add the other ingredients and boil till cooked. Stir well, particularly at first to prevent it burning.

ECONOMICAL IMITATION SCOTCH MARMALADE.—Eight pounds of carrots, eight pounds of sugar, four sour lemons. Boil carrots and two lemons in just enough water to cover them till tender. Pour off and keep the liquor. Mince all carrots and lemons in a mincing machine, removing pips. Put the pulp with four or five cups of the liquor into stewpan, stir well until it is cooked. Oranges may be substituted for lemons, but if so, a little lemon juice improves it. It is well to oil your pot first as it so easily burns. If the lemons are sweet, as they often are in South Africa—use six or eight lemons. We have just made some with six lemons and it is very nice.—Mrs. Price, 70, Tramway Street, Turffontein, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Members are invited to correspond with one another.

ENROLS HIS WIFE.—I fear I will not be able to do much in getting you new Members, as there are hardly any British subjects round about here. Nevertheless, I will do my best for you.

At any rate, I will pledge myself for one new Member —my wife ! If every other Member enrolled wife, husband, brother, sister, or some one in the family you could be assured of the 50,000 mark.

My father gave me my Life Membership as a birthday present last year. Perhaps you could suggest to your readers to do likewise to members of their families ; if not as Life Members, as Members for two years. -C. E. Law, " Le Boiron," Nyon, Vaud, Switzerland.

[*We wish every married member would do likewise.*]

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.- -I noticed that on the cover of the Club magazine for January you asked Members to try and obtain one new Member for the New Year. By a little bit of exertion I have managed to secure three new Members during the past week, and hope to enrol another next week. F. van der Byl, Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd., Ficksburg, Orange Free State, South Africa.

[*We are very grateful to our correspondent.*]

During the coal shortage due to the miners' strike neighbours take it in turns to cook each other's dinners.

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AMONG THE INDIANS OF PATAGONIA.—It is my duty to let you know of the loss of a faithful Member of the O.S. Club, in the person of the Rev. Esau Evans, who died of heart failure on January 1st, aged seventy-two. A truly noble man, he had a life full of hardships and difficulties, yet he was never soured by them, nor discouraged, and spent an unusually useful life.

The story of his life as a coal miner, pioneer, gold-seeker, and colporteur and missionary among the scattered remnants of the Indian tribes of Patagonia, and eventually as pastor of two Welsh churches among the snow-capped mountains of the Andes would make an interesting book. He cheered by precept and example wherever he went, and encouraged everything he thought was elevating to humanity.—David J. Evans, Gaiman, Chubut, Argentina, South America.

DREARY BERMONDSEY.—I like your reflections on dreary Bermondsey—I have been in it for fifty years!—John Kirk, Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C. 1.

BADLY PAID OFFICIALS.—The salaries of Government officials out here are absolutely inadequate to meet all our expenses.—C. W. Bovell, Jimja, Uganda, Africa.

TELEPATHY. Something rather unusual occurred during the reading of the last issue of the magazine (December). I was reading and my mate was operating the gramophone—the only thing we have in our hut to take the rough edge off batching.

He could not see what I was reading and was just picking out a few of our favourites. Whilst reading your editorial, especially "Two Alternatives," and "A Clarion Call to Service," he played "The Yeomen of England," which I thought very appropriate. The articles about

[*Alfieri Picture Service.*

A giant sturgeon weighing near four hundredweight was recently caught off Lowestoft. It took five men to carry the fish.

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"The Unknown Warrior" were accompanied by "Private Tommy Atkins," and "His Name shall be called Wonderful" had as companion Gounod's "Ave Maria." Quite an instance in telepathy I think.—W. F. Gardner, "Maxstoke," Lodge Road, Eagle Luncheon, near Brisbane.

O.S. BADGE AS FRIEND-MAKER. Since September I have been on a business trip through India, Ceylon and Egypt.

You will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that being a Member of Over-Seas helped me a great deal on my trip. It was the first time I had been East and I knew nobody. However, through the Over-Seas badge I met delightful people along my journey.—W. Maxton, c/o Messrs. Stander & Co., St. Gall, Switzerland.

AN OVER-SEAS DAY. The idea of an Over-Seas Day every month is capital and one I mean to try and induce my friends to adopt. The trouble is we are all so much occupied during business hours that we have little time to push our hobbies, and therefore if we make one special day for the Over-Seas we are likely to get more Members.—George Quirk, 105, Chambers Street, New York.

IN THE "DUMPS."—My position is a strange one, inasmuch as I live away in the "wilds," being thirty-eight miles from my nearest town, which is Jinja, so you see that it is not an easy matter for me to get in touch with people.

At present we are all of us in this part of the world very much affected by the general stagnation that is existing in the world trade and are not able to sell our produce. Consequently every one is down in the "dumps." As you are doubtless aware, our main products are coffee, cotton and rubber. Unfortunately, all these commodities have had a most serious decline (in common with all the other products of the world markets) and naturally our financial positions are none too sound.

If you will send me a supply of the pamphlets explaining the objects of our Association, I will certainly do my very best in roping in as many of the local inhabitants as it is possible for me to do.—Walter Graham, "Njai Estate," P.O. Box 20, Jinja, Uganda.

CHINA'S NEVER-NEVER LAND.—Owing to the unsettled state of the province last autumn, my wife and I were delayed in Chung-King for five weeks. The last stage of our journey, *i.e.*, Chung-King to Mien-Chow we did by Chinese cargo boat. It took us over six weeks to accomplish what in normal times, travelling by land, takes nine to ten days. There is no railroad in this, China's wealthiest and largest province. Altogether we have been close upon five months getting to our mission station since leaving England in July last.—Ernest R. Williams, Church Missionary Society, Mien-Chow, Sze-chwan, Western China.

BANKERS' ORDERS POPULAR. Have completed

[*Photo: Daily Mirror.*

"Leo," the lion cub, being fed at the London Zoo.

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Bankers' Order form, which I enclose, and trust it is in order. This is an excellent idea, because you must have a lot of clerical work, and this arrangement will bring it down to a minimum.—W. H. Radloff, Waterfall P.O., Gumtree, O.F.S., South Africa.

[*We are so grateful when our friends who have banking accounts sign Bankers' orders. By so doing they save us so much trouble.*]

THE WEEKLY MEMBER.—Dear Overseas,—Herewith this week's Member, Miss Phyllis Savile. I only get one at a time, but they are still coming in, and all count.—Kilian E. Bensusan, c/o Messrs. M. A. Glover & Co., 47, Rua da Alfandega, Caixa Postal 860, Rio de Janeiro.

[*We wish all our friends were able to provide us with a weekly new Member.*]

MAULED BY A LION.—I know you will be sorry to hear that Captain Montagu Smith, who was almost an original Member of the Club, and very enthusiastic about it, was mauled by a lion on August 13th in Northern Rhodesia, and died after thirty-four hours of intense suffering. He was leading our expedition out there, and so you may imagine what a terrible grief and shock it has been to us. We naturally abandoned the expedition at once and made our way back, but we were 130 miles from the railway at the time.—Mrs. W. Rawnsley, Well Vale, Alford, Lincolnshire.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES BY RUNNER.—This missive crosses some 450 miles of Africa by runner, so I would be grateful if you could let me know if it arrives O.K.

Only three of us here, so "nothing doing" in the big push. —J. Rothwell, District Postmaster, Tuquyu (New Langenburg), Tanganyika Territory, East Africa.

[*Photo: Central News.*

Mrs. Leslie Manvell and Miss Irene Doxford claim that in golf, as in other games, far greater freedom of movement can be obtained by abolishing the encumbrance of the skirt. They are doing their best to promote a new fashion in England based on common sense.

H.M. SUBMARINE "L20."—I was very interested in the little magazine Mr. G. T. Crouch receives every month, and he used to lend me a few now and again. No doubt you will be pleased to hear that we have four new Members joining up this month, and that will make the strength of our Club up to seven, and we have meetings in one or other of the submarines, and in this way we pass away a few very pleasant hours discussing the objects, etc., of the Club, and no doubt when we return to England we shall all pay a visit to headquarters during our time while on leave.—C. W. Mitchell, H.M. Submarine "L20," Hong Kong, China.

FOUR MEMBERS IN ONE FAMILY.—I enclose P. Orders, value £2; £1 is for my subscription and my husband's (James Burnett) to the Over-Seas Club for one year, and £1 to enrol my

two daughters as Members of the Over-Seas Club. Mrs. Burnett, Dovedale, Private Bag, Salisbury, Rhodesia, South Africa.

We are delighted to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Burnett's two daughters as Members. We wish all our readers would follow their example.]

FRIEND OF THIRTY YEARS AGO RE-FOUND THROUGH O.S. BADGE.—I spent five weeks in Fiji, and visited several of the Tongan Islands and Samoa.

In Fiji my O.S. badge was the means of my regaining touch with a fellow collegian whom I had not seen for more than thirty years, and everywhere it gave one a chance to converse with interesting and interested people.

A youth accosted me on a tram in a Sydney suburb, desiring to know who the leader of our Club was in Sydney. He was a Member of a live branch in Queensland, and wished to get in touch with Members in Sydney.

The magazine always comes in for high praise, and those charming little views of English home life are responsible for many a longing to "go home" just to see things once more.—William Potts, Central School, Boulder City, West Australia.

We like to know of instances of this kind. If only every Member would wear his or her badge. The badge is a link of friendship.]

KIND WORDS.—I might say that I am endeavouring to get one or two more life Members in order to express in a small way my thanks for the assistance so readily given me in obtaining passages for myself and wife from London to Manila in 1919.

With best wishes for the continued success of your splendid endeavours for the betterment of the world by the promotion of the principles embodied in our Members' creed.—Walter Brookes, c/o Messrs. Fleming, Percy Smith and Seth, Roxas Buildings, Rooms 217, 218, 219, Manila, Philippine Islands.

HUSBANDS AS MEMBERS.—Will you kindly let me know, if husbands become Members, does their membership include the wives? Can my

Mr. Middleton Wake's motor cruiser *Overseas*, so named in compliment to the Club. Photo sent by Mr. Middleton Wake, Dallas House, Flushing, Cornwall.

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husband be a Member on my membership, or should he join for himself ? —Mrs. M. T. Brown, Barisal, Bengal, India.

[*In affirming its belief in the equality of the sexes "Overseas" asks husbands and wives to join individually.*]

HELPING THE "NEW CHUM."—I enjoy my "Overseas" second to nothing, and read it from cover to cover, and shall look forward to the Membership List, in order to look up Members near me. I have received many kindnesses from Over-Seas Members whilst travelling—notably from your H.C.S., Mrs. Saunders, of Binya, who assisted the "new chum" greatly. W. Rowse, Crescent Orchards, Locksley, New South Wales, Australia.

HUNTING MEMBERS.—I will hunt up some of our Members this month.—Alan McAlpin, 611, 10th Street S., Lethbridge, Alta, Canada.

[*We are tremendously anxious to increase our Canadian membership. We hope Mr. McAlpin will be successful.*]

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Couldn't decide on a really nice Christmas present for her till I asked her to join Over-Seas.—Miss Joyce Poynte-Roberts, Drayton, Kotagala, Ceylon.

OVER-SEAS LECTURES IN MALTA.—We have started our series of lectures under the auspices of the Over-Seas Club. Mr. Borg has sent to the League of the Empire for their books, "Colonisation and Empire" and "Empire Builders." On their receipt, Dr. Laferla, the Director of Primary Education, will get six lecturers to deliver one of these series. Meanwhile he and I are giving lectures to start the series. He lectures on the British Navy, and I on the Army and the Empire.—Brig.-General R. F. Edwards, C.M.G., 30, Strada Mezzodi, Valletta, Malta.

"OUR BRASS BAND."—Our brass band is progressing very favourably, and I hope to have their services at our festival in honour of our Club.—A. H. Browne, Aitutaki, Cook Islands, South Pacific.

"ENGLAND MUST BE A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY."—Judging from "Overseas," England must be a very beautiful country as shown in the coloured plates. I am putting them in my scrap-book, then I give the magazine to an old Irish lady who, like myself, will never see the land of our birth again. I came here in 1885, at the age of six years, and have been a farmer ever since I could handle an axe. During all these years I have never left this province—barring one year spent in a lumber camp in British Columbia. If I only had the time, I could tell you many interesting stories of my pioneer days.—John Howard, St. Luke P.O., Sask., Canada.

Cockington Village, Devonshire. Photograph sent by Mr. E. W. Pither.

OUT-OF-WAY PART OF MADAGASCAR.—I am in a pretty out-of-the-way part of Madagascar, and there are very few Europeans in the district, only a few French officers in charge of the military posts. There are no other Englishmen but myself here at present, but should I have the

opportunity I will do my best to enrol new Members. H. Claude Nicholson, Sakalava Oilfields, Maroaboaly-Aukavandra, Madagascar.

CORTEZ ISLAND.—We are living on Cortez Island, which is one of the Valdez Group lying in the Straits of Georgia, 100 miles north of Vancouver. The scenery is magnificent, and the climate very similar to that of the west of England. The hunting and sea fishing are excellent, and we have a twice weekly steamer service to Vancouver. I hope to send along some photos for the magazine later on. J. Haydon Phillips, Whaletown, British Columbia, Canada.

SIXTY MILES FROM POST OFFICE. I live sixty miles from the nearest post office and eighteen miles from the nearest mail route. You will therefore understand that I cannot get a money order as easily as a city dweller. J. W. Purvis, Lake Vermont, Clermont, Queensland, Australia.

BEGINNING IN EARNEST. I now hope to begin in earnest to gather in new Members, and have one new name to submit this week from a lady from Scotland who is on a large Free State farm. She informed me that a relative in Johannesburg had been sending her your splendid "Overseas" magazine, and she read it, as we all do, from cover to cover, and now wanted her very own, so that she could obtain it as issued.

I, personally, have been lending my magazine to possible Members with the object of gathering them in, and I think this, with the fine lot of letter matter, such as "A Link of the Empire," which I am going to send broadcast to possible subscribers, will obtain tangible results.—Henry Ponting, Jagersfontein, O.F.S., South Africa.

OLD FRIENDS GONE.—I have been wondering if the Club has any means of bringing together Members outside London. When one returns home after years abroad one often finds old friends gone or with other interests. I think it would be a boon to many, myself included, if something could be done about this.—Miss H. S. Cooper, 51, Priory Avenue, Hastings, Sussex.

[*Our aim is ultimately to have a Hon. Corresponding Secretary in every town in the Empire. Part of his duties is of course to link-up fellow Members.*]

SOUTH SALT SPRING ISLAND.—There is no Club on the island here. There should be one. I should be glad to have some literature for distribution among the islanders. When I was in the French Ivory Coast of West Africa two years

[*Photo: Topical Press.*

Mr. de Valera, the "President of the Irish Republic," delivering a speech at Los Angeles, California.

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ago you sent me out some literature.—F. F. Tebbs, The White House, South Salt Spring Island, British Columbia, Canada.

GREEN ENGLAND.—I am an English woman, who came to beautiful Adelaide forty years ago with my family, but my love for dear old England is greater than ever since her magnificent fighting for the defence of the world. It was a wonderful effort.

I had forgotten how green England is, and her wealth of trees are glorious. It is so nice to get the "Overseas" magazine, with its epitome of news from every quarter of the globe. I am sure all the Members appreciate it very much.—Miss K. Hill, "Vailima," Balham Avenue, Kingswood, Adelaide, South Australia.

PROPERTY AT REASONABLE PRICES.—The slump in work has hit a lot of men out here pretty hard, but I hope for better times later on. Edgewood itself is very empty of men; nearly all are away working or looking for work. I suppose England is in much the same condition. It would be useless for people to emigrate to British Columbia unless they have sufficient capital to carry them over the present depression, though for those having sufficient capital there are opportunities of buying made and partially made properties at very reasonable prices.—V. Harington, Edgewood, British Columbia, Canada.

ON BARRACKING.—I believe there is a good deal of comment about our barracking. Well, it is amusing, and that is all—such sayings as "Put them on the wicket, Douglas," if he is bowling, and "Get a bag," if he or any other misses a ball in the field. The crowd do not pick on Englishmen; all come in for their fair share of criticism, but if they take it seriously, then they get a double share of it. This may not interest you, but I want you to understand that the Australian will have his say, and admires a good field and bat. On the whole he is a good sport, no matter what the papers say.—Philip O. Forrest, "Leura," 20, Redan Street, St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes, who has travelled thousands of miles in the wildest part of Africa. A luncheon was given in her honour by the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League on May 20th at the Hyde Park Hotel, London.

GOOD CHANCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.—What we want in South Africa is immigration, and am afraid we shall not get any; they appear to pass us by and go to Australia and New Zealand, also B.E.A.

Personally, I consider there are good chances for settlers in the Union, of the right stamp and class.

The person we want is a man of education and small capital, with knowledge to stand something, and grit to carry it through.

Take farming. There are so many branches, and if a young fellow will specialise in something and stick to it, he is bound to succeed.

Also, the conditions of life are much easier out here than either Australia or

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Canada, as once a man learns to handle natives he escapes all the drudgery of those countries.

Our trouble has been, and still is, politics, but with this union of the S.A.P. and Unionists I really think things look better for the near future.

C. P. Cross, Kimberley Farm, Frankfort, O.F.S., South Africa.

INDIAN STUDENTS INTERESTED.—May I take this opportunity of saying how much I enjoy "Overseas"? After reading it myself, I lend it to some of the Indian lecturers at the college, and then put it on the library table for the students under training in the college, who read it with great interest, and we sometimes have discussions in our debating society on several of the subjects in the magazine, and especially Mr. Wrench's letters.

At a time like the present, when the Indians are in a state of dissatisfaction and unrest and the students very difficult to manage, I consider the magazine does more for my dealings with the students than anything else could do. Miss C. Gordon, Teachers' College, Saidapet, Madras, India.

A MEMBER'S SAD DEATH. I notice you send renewal form for membership fees to Rev. J. R. Menzies. I have to inform you that this Member met a violent death at Hwaikingfu, Honan, last March, when he responded to the call of ladies living in one of the Mission houses, who were attacked by robbers. The ladies suffered no harm, but he was shot dead as he was remonstrating with the robbers. He lived only a few minutes.

I might say that he was one of our men who always took a deep interest in the work of the League, and always did his best to get others interested sufficiently to subscribe the necessary fee each year.—Hugh MacKenzie, Presbyterian Church in Canada, Wekhweifu, Honan, China.

IN SUMMER—ALL BED AND WORK.—You may possibly hear from our district in the near future, as I and a few friends are trying to start an Over-Seas Club in Etzekom. We have quite a large number of old country friends picked out, and are trying to get them to join us, so that we can have a good social time together during our idle winter months, as this is the only season of the year that we can get together and have a good time. In the summer it's all bed and work with us.—B. Street, Faith P.O., Alberta, Canada.

TURK'S ISLANDS.—I appreciate my "Overseas" very much indeed; it is a welcomed friend. I find it most entertaining and informing and always look forward to its receipt most expectantly. It generally reaches me about three weeks after publication.—W. R. Tatem, Turk's Islands, B.W.I.

Elsie and Arthur Harlen, children of Mr. C. Harlen, at Sewell, Chile, 8,500 ft. above sea level. Photo sent by Mr. C. Harlen, The Braden Copper Company, Sewell Rancagua, Chile.

By A. St. John Adcock

My Month's Reading.

I HAVE been dipping into a good many books this month, and reading a few. I have dipped into "The Press and the General Staff," by the Hon. Neville Lytton, and was struck by the cleverness and devastating frankness with which he handles the relations between the newspapers and our military command during the War. But there is nothing clever in his recording that a very honoured and distinguished General, whom he names, said to him, "'Ave you anything to report to me?" This General has demonstrated his capacity by rising from the ranks and making his reputation entirely off his own bat; whether the Hon. Neville Lytton, who has been helped by his accident of birth, is capable of doing likewise is, of course, an open question. Moreover, the man who is impelled to prove his culture by thus emphasising his knowledge of the simple fact that the letter "h" should be aspirated only proves his lack of it, and always reminds me of the harmless little gentleman who went to a public dinner with a large paste-diamond glittering in his shirt front in the hope that he might pass for affluent by exhibiting all the wealth he possessed.

Also I have dipped into A. A. Milne's "Second Plays," which include "The Romantic Age" and "Mr. Pim Passes By," and found that, unlike so many plays that are successful on the stage, they make delightful reading.

These and other books I have tasted; one that I have read and am recommending to everybody is Edgar Lee Masters' "Domesday Book." It is a novel in verse, and though it is not great verse it is nearly a great story. It is planned on large lines and, for all its crudities of manner, is in construction and narrative power beyond the scope of most of the best of the little poets of our day who can write better poetry. Briefly, it is the life-story of Elenor Murray. She has been unhappy at home. Her father, a druggist, has had to struggle against poverty and abandon his ambition of becoming a lawyer through marrying too soon and being hampered by the needs of a growing family. The love that had been between him and his wife has died away. Elenor, a shrewdly intelligent child, has sided with the mother rather than with him, but he has loved her and been

troubled that his natural reticence has prevented him from letting her see his heart. When she had finished her education at the High School, it hurt him that she had to earn money in order to realise her wish to go to college. He knew of one passing love affair, but she had never taken him into her confidence. Then came the Great War, and she went to France as a hospital nurse with the American Army. After the War she returns home, and is presently, on August 7th, 1919, found lying dead. The coroner, Merival, is informed, and at once arranges to hold an inquest.

This coroner is a bookish man, something of a scholar, and certain circumstances in his own life, certain facts he has noted in the underlying tragedy of more than one human creature's failure and death, have prompted in him a desire to get at the heart of such matters and find what disease of the spirit it is that afflicts the social organism and mars its healthful growth. The death of a miner who had died through drink, and had taken to drink because of his weariness of hopeless toil and his grief for a daughter "who had strayed and died," moved him to become a coroner, wondering :

> "if in cases like to this
> Good might result, if there was brought to light
> All secret things ; and in the course of time,
> If many deaths were probed, a store of truth
> Might not be gathered which some genius hand
> Could use to work out laws, instructions, systems
> For saving and for using wasting spirits,
> So wasted in the chaos, in the senseless
> Turmoil and madness of this reckless life,
> Which treats the spirit as the cheapest thing
> Since it is so abundant."

With this end in view now, he summons before himself and his jury, first the girl's father and mother, then, in succession, over a score of men and women who came in contact with her at different phases of her career, and from these, by degrees, he gathers the full story of her life, plumbing strange, hidden depths, dredging up secrets that had been unsuspected by those who had believed they had known her most intimately.

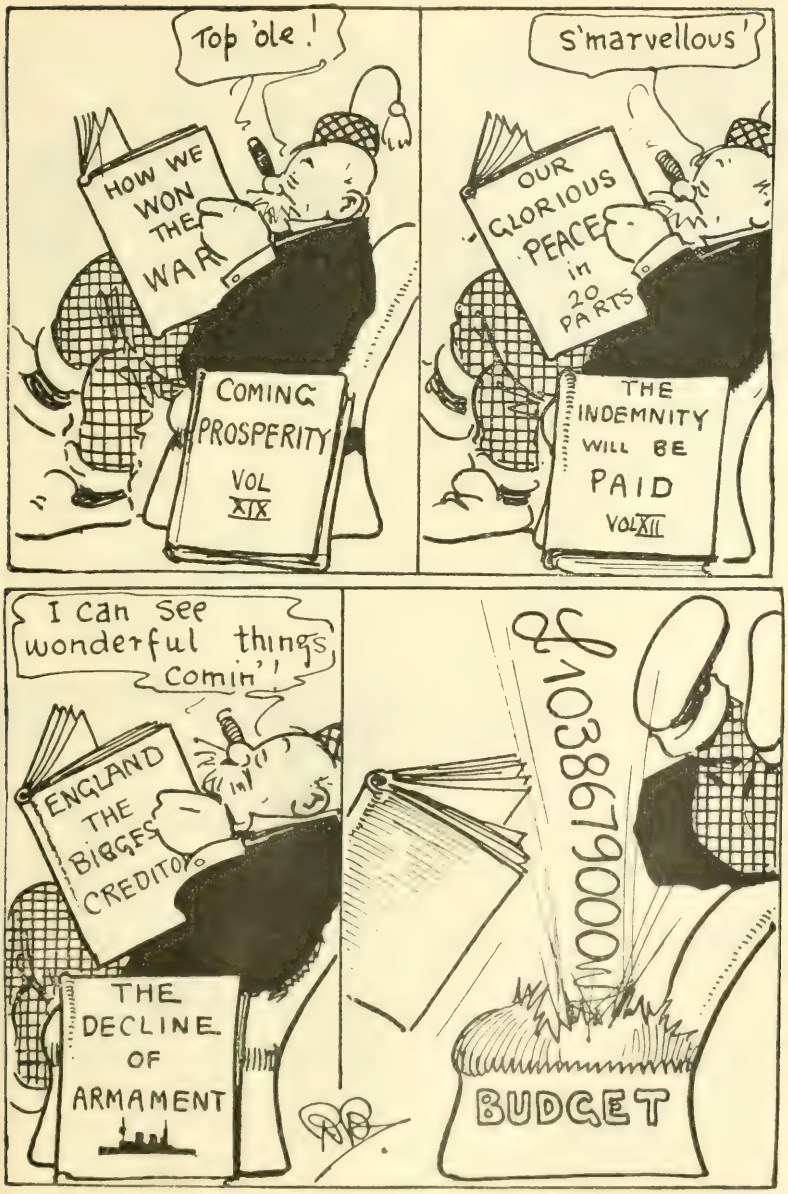
There is none of the scathing irony here that there is in Mr. Masters' "Spoon River Anthology." The irony of it is the quieter irony inseparable from all human experience—emphasising how none of us has more than a superficial acquaintance with his closest friends, how we all have our secrets from each other, deceive each other and are self-deceived, but instead of scorn there is pity and a wide charity for such mortal weaknesses. As a narrative, "Domesday Book" is intensely interesting ; it is ingenious in its cunning unwinding of tangled threads ; its characters, especially

My Month's Reading.

those of the father and mother, are skilfully and understandingly drawn ; but as a narrative poem it is lacking in poetry. With the simplicity and directness of Chaucer—and now and then Mr. Masters catches some of Chaucer's mannerisms—it has none of Chaucer's feeling for the poetry of words and things, none of his lyrical magic. Nevertheless, in his insight of the human complex, his sense of drama, his gift of narration, Mr. Masters is a poet ; his verse may have no wings and walk on plodding feet, but it works its spell on you, holds your interest, makes the men and women of its poignant history breathe and live ; it has vision, too, and a high philosophy, and is, perhaps, in these ways, after all, greater poetry than much that is richer and finer in phrase and fancy.

A book of even larger scope than "Domesday Book," and one that probes more deeply into the strange heart of humanity, is "The World's Illusion." The author, Jacob Wassermann, is an Austrian who, in his youth, "wandered poor, misunderstood, friendless and lonesome from city to city, battling for twelve years against the utmost misery." He wrote his novel in the last years of the War. It is the story of a young man of good birth, who sees much of the world and shares the privileges, pleasures, luxuries, self-indulgences common to upper class life in European society. But he is fretted by a conscience, is increasingly sensible of the unrighteous inequalities between rich and poor, the gross injustices on which his personal happiness and the whole fabric of society is founded ; and at length he is moved to renounce his inheritance, cut himself off from his family and all his aristocratic circle and descend into the underworld to share the disadvantages and deprivations of the socially outcast and endeavour to learn how their bitter lot may be ameliorated. The stage is crowded with an extraordinary variety of characters; the scene is continually shifting from town to town, from one European country to another, and a vast panorama, first of the highest, then of the lowest, social order is brilliantly unrolled. Life at the two extremes of the social scale, the little good that sweetens, the many evils that pollute it, is pictured brilliantly, powerfully and without mitigation. It is a vast story, that throws a vivid searchlight on a state of things that contributed to bring about the War, may help you to understand the spirit of revolt that is at present blowing like a great wind through the poverty-dogged millions whose lives are bitter with hard bondage, and, in the sense that the War has shattered our social system and we are painfully trying to build a new one, may be described as a modern "Pilgrim's Progress," a terribly up-to-date narrative of Christian's chequered journey through the world that was towards the world that is to be.

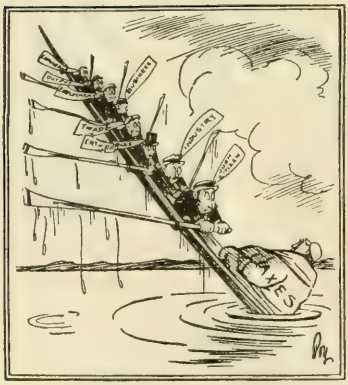
SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General Literature : "The Press and the General Staff," by Hon. Neville Lytton. 15s. (Collins.) "Second Plays," by A. A. Milne. 7s. 6d. (Chatto.)



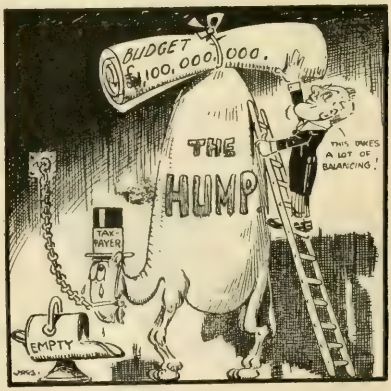
Old Bill joins the Britannia Free Library.
Capt. Bairnsfather, in the London *Daily Graphic*.

The Mote and the Beam.
Jack Walker, in the London *Daily Graphic.*

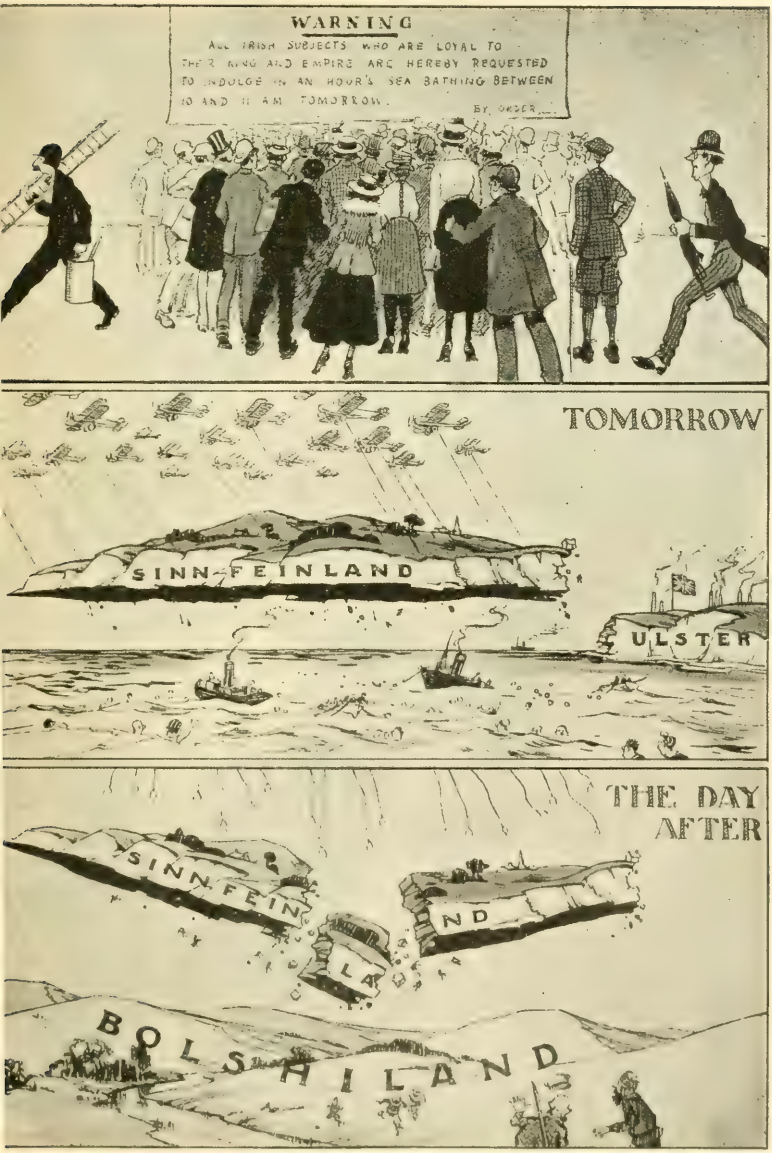
Let this be the Cup Final.
London *Daily Express.*



Something Wrong Somewhere.
Boat-race day scene from our Home tow-path.
"Poy," in the London *Evening News.*



The Last Straw that gave the Camel the Hump.
Jack Walker, in the London *Daily Graphic.*



At Last!
A Solution of the Irish Problem.
The Bystander.

Mrs. Hippo: "And how are your little ones?"
Mrs. Gnu: "They have all had gnumonia."
Mrs. Hippo: "Bad gnus, very bad gnus!"

Life, New York.

"What sort of a game did you have with your wife this morning?"
"Oh, pretty fair—she was 24,000 words up at the eighth hole!"

London Mail.

"Overseas" Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Head-quarters.

OUR MEMBERSHIP BIG PUSH.—I am glad to say there is every indication that our membership "big push" is going to be very successful, despite the difficult times in which we are living. I have received a splendid batch of letters from kind friends across the seas sending in their first Member and promising a continuous "trickle." Indeed, several friends have already sent the booklet of six Members complete, among them Mr. L. Morillo, Tangier, Morocco; Mr. W. Clegg Butt, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.; Mr. J. Crighton, 283, Mathenesserlaan, Rotterdam; and Mr. F. H. Tabor, New York City, to each of whom a Badge of Honour has been awarded.

But we have still got a very long way to go if we are to ripen fifty fruits on the Overseas Tree by the end of the year, so it will want a long and steady pull by all of us. Cannot each reader of "Overseas" who has not yet sent his new Member this year definitely make up his mind that he will do so, no matter what happens, as a birthday present to "Overseas" on our eleventh birthday, August 27th next?

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MEMBERSHIP LIST.—The Central Council have decided that, owing to the very heavy cost of running our organisation at the moment, no further membership list will be issued till the middle of 1922.

* * * * *

OUR PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST.—I hope all of you will take part in our photographic contest, details of which were announced last month and are again to be found in this issue (page 74). By Empire Day next year we really should have a wonderful collection of pictures of Members and Members' children reading "Overseas."

* * * * *

CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—The Secretary of the National Institute for the Blind draws my attention to the gifts of cast-off clothing from our various branches which we used to distribute to the blind folk in this country in the early days of the War. He says there is urgent need in this direction and we shall be very grateful to those who can help. The distribution of these gifts is in the hands of Lady des Vœux as heretofore.

News from Head-quarters.

"OVERSEAS" IN FANCY DRESS.—One of our Members, Mr. J. C. Cotton, sends us two snapshots of himself in his fancy dress, representing our magazine "Overseas" on board the S.S. *Herefordshire* on his way out to the East. He tells us he was much congratulated on board, and everybody thought it a splendid advertisement. He writes :—

> "On my back was a large-sized O.S. flag, on my cap was 'Overseas' in large letters, and the covers and illustrations in the magazine were sewn all over my coat and trousers."

Perhaps some more of our Members who are sailing the high seas will adopt this method of advertising "Overseas" and roping in new Members.

* * * * *

WAR MEMORIAL FUND.—A scheme is on foot whereby this fund may be augmented by the sale of used foreign stamps. Will all H.C.S.'s inform Members of their branches of the scheme, and forward stamps direct to Mr. Alfred H. W. Brazier, The Tea Gardens, Galleywood, Chelmsford, Essex, who has undertaken to clean off stamps and dispose of them for the War Memorial Fund. Although the scheme is only in its infancy, good results are already assured. Further information on the subject will be published in subsequent issues of "Overseas."

* * * * *

UP TO OUR CANADIAN MEMBERS.—The readers of "Overseas" will be interested to see how our circulation is split up. The country which can claim the proud distinction of having the largest number of readers of "Overseas" is South Africa, with a total of 3,436. Unfortunately Canada, with its population of eight million, has only got 1,354, a miserable figure, and we hope that our Canadian Members will be up and doing and see if they cannot change this state of affairs. "Overseas" should have at least 10,000 readers in Canada.

* * * * *

A GOOD IDEA.—Our suggestion that Members should give a year's membership of the Over-Seas Club, including the receipt of "Overseas," to absent friends as a Christmas gift, met with a good response, and I am glad to say we got many letters like this :—

> "I also enclose membership form filled in and a 10s. postal order to enrol Mr. J. D. Tilney as a Member for next year. He is in a very isolated part of the Argentine, and I know will enjoy your popular magazine. This is being made a Christmas present to him through your suggestion in our last magazine. I think it is an excellent idea."

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VISITORS AT HEADQUARTERS.—We have had the pleasure of

News from Head-quarters.

welcoming at Headquarters recently the following Members : Mr. Robert D. Morris, of Liberia, West Africa ; Mr. J. E. Davies, of Brazil ; Mr. George F. Taylor, of Boston, Mass. (Treasurer of Boston Branch) ; Mr. J. F. Tomkins, of Kobe, Japan ; Mr. H. Allanson, of Pietermaritzburg, Natal ; Mr. G. W. Fountaine, our H.C.S. at Athens ; Mr. W. M. Anderson, of Malaga, Spain ; Mr. S. Lister James, of Papua ; Mr. E. T. Oakley, of Mexico (this Member enrolled his five days' old daughter) ; The Rev. Peter L. Hunter, of Cape Province, South Africa ; Mr. F. H. W. Jenoure, of Cuba ; Mr. C. F. Lowen, of Pietermaritzburg ; Miss J. M. Lyon, L.L.A., of Armidale, New South Wales ; The Rev. H. M. Logan, President of the New Hanover Branch, Natal ; Mrs. Logan ; Mr. C. H. Leake, of Johannesburg ; Miss Grace Gordon, of New York ; Mr. Walter J. Douglas, of Georgetown, British Guiana ; Mr. Sydney H. Robinson, of Cape Town ; Mr. William M. Watson, of Bucarest ; Mr. Frank Watson, of Rangoon ; Mrs. E. Fetch, of Petersburg, Transvaal ; Mr. R. Gordon Tench, of Cleveland, Ohio ; Mr. H. J. Amps, of Rio de Janeiro ; Captain J. T. Randell, D.S.C., of Halifax, U.S.A. ; Mrs. Sanders, of Durban, Natal ; Miss Middleton, of Salisbury, Rhodesia ; Mr. G. H. Cooper, of Montevideo ; Mr. W. H. Whitely, of Hong Kong.

DENVER, COLORADO, U.S.A.—Our heartiest congratulations to the Denver (Colorado) Branch of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League which has been formed under the presidency of Mr. W. Clegg Butt, 418, Denver Building, and largely owing to his efforts and those of Miss Marguerite K. Sharp, of 1410, Josephine Street. The Branch starts under splendid auspices with a Membership of thirty-six, and with the prospects of obtaining many more. Will some of our friends elsewhere write a line of congratulation to Mr. Clegg Butt at the above address ?

ALLAN, SASK., CANADA.—A nice batch of new Members and renewals comes from our H.C.S., Mr. G. S. Chalk. We are particularly pleased to see that several of the names forwarded are Canadian-born. We are so anxious to increase our Canadian-born membership.

LIVERPOOL. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. Philip S. Pemberton, writes from 2, Bold Street, as follows :—

" We are very glad to be able to have given a treat to the children of unemployed ex-service men.

" Three dances have been held this year in connection with the club. These dances have been the means largely of increasing our membership, which now stands at over 370. Two lectures were given, the first on the 'Racial Conditions of the British Empire,' and the second on 'A Holiday in the Channel Islands.'

" We hope to have an address on Empire Day by Alfred Bigland, one of our leading Imperialists, who is also one of our vice-presidents."

KROONSTAD, O.F.S.—A fine batch of renewals comes to hand from our H.C.S., Mr. K. Poole, National Bank of South Africa, Ltd.

PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE.—The Magellan Branch of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League at Casilla 380, is going strong, and we have just received eighty-seven renewal subscriptions from our H.C.S., Mr. G. A. Fugellie. Our heartiest congratulations to our farthest south Branch. Our two next southerly centres are those at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, and at Invercargill, N.Z.

NEWCASTLE, NEW SOUTH WALES. A good batch of renewal subscriptions comes from our H.C.S., Mr. A. H. Gibson, of the Customs House, Newcastle.

PREMIER MINE, TRANSVAAL. The present membership appears to be twenty. We have just had an encouraging letter from our H.C.S., Mr. W. Y. Hunter, Box 3, together with renewal subscriptions.

OVERSEAS

News from Head-quarters.

NEW HANOVER, NATAL.—The Rev. N. C. Logan, our H.C.S., sends us a nice supply of renewal subscriptions.

GUELPH, ONTARIO, CANADA.—In view of the special efforts we are making to increase our Canadian membership we are very pleased to receive some new Members from our H.C.S., Mr. R. L. Torrance, of the Royal Bank of Canada, including Mr. John M. Taylor, President of the Taylor-Forbes Company.

KOBE, JAPAN.—After the War there was a slight hiatus in Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League matters in Japan. We are therefore particularly delighted to receive from our very old friend, Mr. G. H. Whymark, 72, Kyo-Machi, a splendid batch of eighty-five Members which must practically include all the British community in Kobe.

We hope that some of the other centres in Japan will please note.

GENOA, ITALY.—Mr. John W. Guthrie Squair, Hon. Treasurer, Via alla Nunziata 19, is an old friend, having before going to Genoa looked after our affairs at Naples. He sends us a nice batch of renewal subscriptions. Mr. D. H. P. Madge has been appointed Hon. Sec. Our best wishes to him.

MANILA, P.I.—Several new Members are among the list of subscribers received from Mr. J. C. Bird, c/o Messrs. Smith, Bell & Co., Ltd. O.S. interests in Manila are in very safe hands.

BENDIGO, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—O.S. interests are not entirely dormant here. Mr. W. F. Creeth, 117, Pall Mall, Bendigo, sends us a fair batch of renewals.

LIBREVILLE, FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA, seems a very far cry to most of us, but our local representative, Mr. G. H. Arnold, of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, Ltd., is a warm supporter, and sends us six Members.

KING WILLIAMS TOWN, S. AFRICA, sends us through our H.C.S., Mr. W. Marriott, of the Sun Insurance Office, Box 128, thirteen renewal subscriptions and two new Members.

JOHANNESBURG.—Several mentions have already been made of the splendid work carried out by our Johannesburg committee under the chairmanship of Mr. A. E. Thiselton. We have now received 280 renewals through our Transvaal Headquarters.

HONDA, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA, contains several warm O.S. enthusiasts. We have just received a batch of renewals and new Members from Mr. E. J. Hughes, the British Consular Agent at Honda.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.—While our membership is not as large as we should like we have received a batch of some thirty renewals from our H.C.S., Mr. J. C. Macnab, P.O. Box 3023.

ANTIGUA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.—From this remote West Indian Island comes a batch of renewals sent by our H.C.S., Mr. M. V. Narracott, of St. George's Rectory.

VALENCIA, SPAIN.—Mr. James A. Chesney, Calle Colon 72, our recently appointed H.C.S., shows that he means business. Within a week of his appointment he forwarded twenty-three new Members and seven renewals. He informs us that practically the whole local British colony have signed on. We hope his splendid example will fire others to do likewise.

NAURU ISLAND, CENTRAL PACIFIC, must certainly be one of the most remote spots in the world. The mail just to hand brings us along six renewals and one new Member from our H.C.S., Mr. G. B. Smith-Rewse.

HARRISMITH, O.F.S.—Our Membership in the Orange Free State is naturally not as strong as in some parts of South Africa, but we have some good friends there, among whom must be mentioned Mr. J. J. Mills, of Box 35, Harrismith, who forwards us a nice batch of renewal subscriptions.

YEPPOON, QUEENSLAND, is another strong O.S. centre, from which

News from Headquarters.

we have just received fourteen renewals from Mr. N. W. Logan, Tid. Apa, our H.C.S.

TANANARIVE, MADAGASCAR, seems a far cry to most of us. Ten renewals from our H.C.S., Mr. O. A. Ritter, c/o Graphites, Maskar, are just to hand.

PUNCHEON HEAD ISLAND, TASMANIA.—We have a group of warm friends of the O.S. movement here and a nice batch of renewals is forwarded from our H.C.S., Mr. S. Smallfield.

DUNDEE, NATAL.—Our good friend, Mr. C. C. Harding, is apparently as active as ever for our cause. He forwards us a splendid batch of forty renewals and seven new Members. We wish we had more Mr. Hardings!

GIBRALTAR.—It is impossible for us to express adequately our appreciation of the work of Mr. Hoare, our H.C.S., who must spend many hours in advancing our cause. As a result we have another splendid batch of new Members and renewals.

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA.—Mr. F. C. M. Lynch, our H.C.S., sends us a good batch of renewals. Our Membership is a good one here considering the small size of the British community.

MALTA.—The Malta Branch is going strong. A successful gathering was held recently at the Oula Magna of the University when His Excellency the Governor delivered an interesting speech prior to the lecture by Colonel Edwards, C.M.G., the President of the local Branch.

RIO DE JANEIRO has of course, a large Membership. Mr. J. A. Hardman, P.O. Box 182, forwards us a fine batch of nearly a hundred renewals.

LEGHORN, ITALY, has long been a strong O.S. centre despite its small British population. Our H.C.S., Mr. W. J. Fincham, c/o Cunard Line, 5, Piazza Cavour, sends a splendid batch of renewal subscriptions.

VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.—One of the oldest friends of our movement is certainly that splendidly patriotic citizen, Captain O. R. Brush, who sends a good batch of renewal subscriptions from Vevey, Switzerland.

BOULDER, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Mr. F. D. Leslie sends us a nice batch of ten renewal subscriptions.

YANGAN, QUEENSLAND.—The Australian mail brings us a bundle of renewal subscriptions from our H.C.S. at Yangan, Mr. C. E. Rosser, c/o The Queensland National Bank.

ST. KITT'S, B. W. INDIES, may seem a far-off place to many of our Members, but we have got some good supporters there, and a nice batch of renewals is just to hand from Mr. John K. French, of P.O. Box 69, Basseterre.

MARSEILLES, O.F.S., contains a good proportion of Members. Mr. G. Tylden, Appledore, P.O., Commissie Poort, our H.C.S., forwards us six renewals and five new Members this week and tells us the prospects of obtaining some more Members are good.

CORONEL, CHILE.—Mr. H. Jolley, Buen Retiro, forwards us twenty-one renewal subscriptions. It is gratifying to note how steadily our membership in Chile is progressing.

BEROWRA, NORTHERN LINE, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Our H.C.S., Mr. G. Wray, forwards us a good batch of subscriptions.

PLUMBAGO.—"I thank you very much for putting me in communication with the two firms who have written, interested in plumbago."—A. E. B., Nawalapitiya, Ceylon.

PALERMO, ARGENTINE.—That the Palermo Branch is very much alive and full of activity is proved by the fact that its strength has recently been augmented by twenty-two new life Members, and Mrs. C. K. Morris, the indefatigable honorary secretary, is to be congratulated upon the success attending the assiduous and much appreciated work she has devoted to the interests of the branch.

All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

CORRESPONDENCE, INFORMATION, ETC.—J. Elliott, 40, Yangteszepoo Road, Shanghai, China.—"May I through the medium of the Members' Exchange venture to ask a very great favour of some Member who may be visiting Ypres, Belgium, during the coming summer? I am anxious to have a photograph of the grave of Pte. T. C. Elliott, No. 13459, 1st Bn. Coldstream Guards, killed in action, July 6th, 1916. I am willing to pay the cost of plates, printing, etc., or will send some stamps or photos of China in exchange. The grave is in the Essex Farm Cemetery, which is situated about 3,000 yards from the Cloth Hall, and between the Ypres-Boesinghe Road and the Canal. In going from the Cloth Hall, the way is by Dead End and round Salvation Corner towards Boesinghe. The first cemetery on the right, after passing Salvation Corner, is, I believe, called "All Hallows," and the second, about a mile further on, is Essex Farm. The grave is number 12 in the "U" line. I would like a snapshot of the cemetery, taken from the canal bank, as well as one of the grave, which is my brother's."

LEPER SETTLEMENT.—There are very few of our Members who are aware that there is a leper settlement, run by the Society of the Divine Compassion, at Moor House, E. Hanningfield, nr. Chelmsford. One of our Members, Miss Hiley, would be very grateful for any periodicals, illustrated or otherwise, that Members would forward to her at the above address for the use of the unfortunate inmates.

FOR SALE.—A solid ivory walking stick, a relic of the Indian Mutiny, £50. The stick, which is perfectly straight, must have been cut from a record tusk. Property of a Member who has offered £5 of the proceeds to our War Memorial Fund. Apply to Mr. F. G. Deverill, Reception Secretary, Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

Mr. Thann, 21a, Edward Street, Rangoon, India, would like to exchange correspondence with fellow Members, particularly the opposite sex.

W. H. Luxa, School House, Bhusawal, B.P., India.—"I would like to exchange letters with fellow Members in any part of the world. I am interested chiefly in shooting, games, books, and education."

"In memory of the Canadian and British soldiers who fell at Vimy Ridge." Honorary President, Sir John Carson, C.B. A Shilling Fund has been opened by the organising secretary. The idea is to rebuild the church at Lens, which is nearest to Vimy Ridge. Every Shilling will be acknowledged. Kindly remit to Miss J. M. Farries, Organising Secretary, Vimy Memorial Fund, Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park Corner, S.W. 1.

R. Savage, c/o The Over-Seas Club.—"I am just over from Canada, and I shall be pleased to relate past experiences and give useful information to intending settlers."

Member, residing in Llandudno, the best centre in N. Wales for sea and mountains, offers accommodation to fellow Members. Private sitting-rooms, home comforts, excellent cooking. Apply, Mrs. St. John Day, Anchorage, Deganwy Avenue, Llandudno, N. Wales.

OVERSEAS

Members' Exchange.

Mrs. C. L. C. Hamilton, of Blendon, Ayr, recommends her former Princess Christian nurse to take entire charge of delicate children. Excellent medical references. Apply, Mrs. Hamilton, as above, or Miss M. K. Sampson, Joyous Garde, Exeter Road, Teignmouth, S. Devon.

"Arthur," 17, Waterloo Road, Wolverhampton.—"After twenty years in the Tropics I find I am unable to stand the English winter, and would like to live in a country where there is plenty of sunshine, and the climate is dry and the cost of living is low. Shall be glad to hear from Members in various parts of the world, especially Vancouver Island, Australia and New Zealand."

Mr. Oreste Valenzia, solicitor, The Law Courts, Valletta, Malta, wishes to correspond either in English, Italian, or French with fellow Members in all parts of the world.

Ernest Russell, Villa Cosentini, Mt. Berico, Vicenza, Italy, would be pleased to exchange architectural picture postcards with fellow Members.

W. Kerrison, Ballalaba P.O., *via* Braidwood, N.S.W., Australia.—"I wish to exchange postcards with Members in all parts of the world. I would also be pleased to give full information with regard to farming, industries, rural work or any matters connected with rural life in N.S. Wales to any Members interested in same."

G. W. Taylor, c/o Messrs. Mann & Cook, Ltd., Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa.—"I should be pleased to correspond with Members of both sexes in any part of the world. Would exchange stamps and snapshots and give information as to conditions on the west coast of Africa."

E. W. Oswald, Pekin Syndicate, Ltd., Ja-Mei-Sen Works, Chiaotso, Honan, North China.—"I shall be glad to hear from any Over-Seas Club Members of either sex who care to write me, from any part of the world."

Miss Kathleen Leggatt, 1421, 3rd Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.—"As I am going up to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to spend the summer months, I am wondering if by means of 'erseas' you could put me in touch with any Members who may be resident there? I am a trained children's nurse and have spent the winter in Kentucky—only meeting a few English people—so I am naturally anxious to become acquainted with any Members who may be in Ann Arbor for this summer. I have just returned from a trip to Mammoth Cave—some ninety odd miles to the south of Louisville. It is claimed to be the largest explored cave in the world—a wonderful spectacle."

TORONTO.—An Englishwoman intending to spend some months in Toronto would be glad to hear from Members living in or around that city with whom she could get in touch during her visit.—Miss Gibson, Heatherlea, Mulgrave Road, Sutton, Surrey.

A. E. De Save, 1a, De Capuchinas No. 9, y Av. Uruguay 12, Mexico, D.F., Mexico.—"I would like to get into touch with some Members of the Club living in Angola in order to obtain descriptions of the country, climate on the tablelands, crops, rainfall, etc."

Miss N. Hamel Smith, Highmoor, Tobago, B.W.I.—"I am a young girl managing a coconut plantation on my own in Tobago, which is a perfectly delightful little island, but living alone I should very much welcome letters from any Over-Seas Members, as I find those I have already received are the finest tonic for preventing one becoming self-centred."

Michael H. S. Greatorex, c/o E. Fawcett, Minara Station, Murrin Murrin, W. Australia.—"I should like very much to correspond with Members who are interested in sheep and cattle raising in Canada, particularly Western Canada."

EXCHANGE OF STAMPS, ETC. E. C. Martinnant, 20, St. John's Road, Secunderabad, Deccan, India.—"Will Members please send me used colonial and foreign stamps (current issues included) for my

Members' Exchange.

collection ? I will send in exchange India and Indian States and foreign as required."

A. Ernest Thomas, Kuala Trengganu, Trengganu, Malay States.—"I am a keen collector and would welcome stamps either used or unused from every part, and could send Malay Peninsular stamps to any one wanting them."

Earl Cochran, c/o United States Post Office, Poplar Bluff, Mo., U.S.A. —"I would like very much to get in touch with scientists and amateurs of your country who are studying and experimenting with the element selenium and its application to photography, also those interested in the 'Gyro-stat.'"

Miss Iris M. Johnston, "Kinlough," Glenageary Road, Kingstown, co. Dublin, Ireland.—"I am a keen stamp collector, and should very much like to exchange stamps with other Club Members. Countries most required : Australia, East and West Indies, Papua, Gold Coast, Seychelles, Gambia and War issues ; failing these, any other countries."

A. Seaward, H.M.S. *Kellet*, c/o G.P.O., London.—"I have for disposal magazines No. 53 to 63, also some rare stamps."

Chee Chin Kiong, 89, Heeren Street, Malacca, S.S.—"I shall be very pleased to exchange stamps of the Straits Settlements, Federated Malay States, including Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan, Pehang, and Sungei Ujong, for stamps of other British Colonies with Members of either sex."

Walter Watson, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, would be glad to receive stamps from Members in all parts of the world, and will send postcards in exchange.

J. Conway, 1234, S. Peach Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.—"I have copies of the magazine for every month in 1920, also January, February and March, 1921. I will send any of these to Members in exchange for foreign stamps; also I will exchange stamps with Members in any part of the world, United States excepted."

George E. Spinks, British Vice-Consulate, Jerez de la Frontera, Spain. —"I shall be obliged if Members in all parts of the world will send me stamps of their countries. In exchange I will send them Spanish stamps."

E. A. Barry, Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Ltd., P.O., Modderbee, *via* Benoni, Transvaal, South Africa.—"I would like to correspond with Members in all parts of the world, and would also like to receive stamps from all parts for my son, who is a youthful beginner."

John W. Beech, 115, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.— "I very much desire a copy of 'Overseas' for July, 1920, and should also be glad to obtain the issues from January to June, inclusive, 1920. For these I will send stamps or whatever desired. I would also be pleased to exchange stamps with any other Members of the Club."

Miss M. A. M. Snow, Government Girls' School, P.O. Box 4, Ladysmith, Natal, South Africa.—"I should like to exchange picture postcards of Ladysmith and Natal and South Africa generally for stamps for my little nephew's collection."

C. A. St. C. Roots, c/o Messrs. Monginis, Ltd., 11/19, Churchgate Street, Fort, Bombay, India.—"I should very much like to get into touch with any Member of either sex who would exchange postcards, stamps and photographs."

His Honour Judge Barron, of Stratford, Canada, would be glad on behalf of a young collector of stamps, who is just starting this interesting and instructive pursuit, if subscribers to "Overseas" will send him what stamps they can, especially stamps of British Colonies. Stamps of Canada will be sent in exchange, and rare stamps will be bought on being advised of the price of same.

One of the most important factors in the Club's policy since its inception, in 1910, is the promotion of British Overseas Trade, and many hundreds of Members in all parts of the world are in daily correspondence with London Headquarters on commercial matters. The Overseas Trade Bureau is specially organised to help overseas Members who wish to be put into touch with Home Firms, and for this purpose the Department is maintained, free of charge, for the service of Members. Each month we print a selection of typical enquiries received concerning overseas trade. The examples published represent but a few of the large number received. It is impossible to publish every trade enquiry, owing to lack of space at our disposal. On the other hand, every enquiry is dealt with carefully by the Bureau, whether published in the magazine or not. The following are a few further extracts to hand by recent mails. Members wishing to avail themselves of the free service of the Bureau should send their enquiries to The Overseas Trade Bureau, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

Overseas Trade Bureau.

TRADE WITH CENTRAL AMERICA.—"Allow me to thank you very heartily for the information and offers of boats that I have been made acquainted with. The Trade Bureau Department of the Over-Seas Club is certainly an excellent medium of information, and I am convinced that it is already rendering most valuable services to overseas enquirers and buyers, to manufacturers and others at home, and thus to the Empire at large. I take advantage of the present opportunity to beg of you to be kind enough to give me the following information : 1. What is the retail selling price of the cheapest grade of cigar sold in England to-day ? 2. What would be the import customs duty and/or other special import expenses on a very cheap grade of cigar ? 3. Which would be the most economical and advisable form in which to import such a cigar in light wooden boxes containing 50 or 100 each, or in bulk in lots of from 5,000 to 10,000 ? "—Enquiry 2016, Central America.

OILS.—"We are anxious to get into touch with manufacturers and exporters of edible oils and sugar exporters."—Enquiry 2017, Malta.

PHILATELIC TRADE.—"Would you put me in touch with firms in the philatelic trade which would require current used Mauritius postage stamps (Stanley Gibbons Catalogue, Nos. 181, 182 and 184) ? The stamps would be sent in carefully-tied packets of 100 each of same value and same issue free from paper, at 2s. per 100. I could also supply stamps of higher values. Prices on application."

BOTTLING MACHINERY.—"Could you put me in touch with a firm who can deal with the following enquiry, asking them to reply at their earliest convenience ? I am on a farm some distance from the railway, and consequently have to rely almost entirely on home production. At certain times of the year vegetables and fruit grow in abundance ; the crop, however, is soon over, the ground becomes burnt up, and watering becomes a problem. Under these circumstances bottling of fruit and vegetables is indicated. I want to know the cost of a machine capable of dealing with six bottles at a time ; also full instructions as to bottling both vegetables

ROLLS-ROYCE

A Letter from Lord Montagu about his Post-War Car

"My new R.R. is by far the best I have had out of the many I have possessed during the last 15 years. Its speed and power, combined with its great flexibility and silence, all make it a distinct improvement on any previous R.R. car that I have owned.

"I have, as you possibly know, driven all kinds of makes during recent years, and I can honestly say that nothing comes up to the R.R., either from a driver's or passenger's point of view. To me, who am a keen driver, driving the new car is like playing on a beautiful instrument, almost human in its immediate response to the varying control of the driver."

Montagu

ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD., 15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg., London. Code: A.B.C., 5th Edition.

and fruit, giving time required for the different varieties, temperature, etc."—Enquiry 2019, East Africa.

PORTABLE WIRELESS SETS.—"Could you put me in touch with somebody who could supply portable wireless sets, capable of sending and, of course, receiving, say, twenty-five miles? I do not want anything extravagant."—Enquiry 2020, Ceylon.

WINDOW DRESSING.—"I want to get papers devoted to window dressing. Would you ask some firm interested to send a specimen copy?" —Enquiry 2021, Denmark.

PEARLS.—"Could you supply me with the following information: A reliable dealer in Conch pearls; any reliable dealer in turtle shell?"—Enquiry 2009, British West Indies.

SILK FLUFF.—"I enclose herewith part of the bloom of a plant which I found some time ago in this district whilst out shooting. There was just one plant in the vicinity, and growing on it were two pear-shaped pods which had burst and thrown out a quantity of this silk-like fluff. I have been in Rhodesia fourteen years, but have never come across any plant like this during my travels through the country. I want to know if the fluff would be of any use commercially, and if you can find out for me I should be grateful. I collected the seed, which was intermixed with the fluff."—Enquiry 2010, South Africa.

AGENCIES FOR JAPAN.—"A Life Member wishes to get into touch with Members in the colonies wishing to sell colonial products in Japan." —Enquiry 2011, Yokohama.

FANCY FEATHERS.—Wanted to buy all kinds of raw fancy feathers, principally osprey, heron, and white cock-tail feathers, in large or small quantities.—Enquiry 2012, Denmark.

SPRAY PUMP.—"Can you help me to trace the makers of the Vermorell Knapsack Spray Pump for spraying fruit trees? I have used this pump in New Zealand and want to get another."—Enquiry 2013, Hants.

GOLF. PATENT ADJUSTABLE SAND TEE-MAKER.—A Member (patentee) of the Over-Seas Club is anxious to get in touch with Members in all parts of the world, with a view to fixing agencies for the above on liberal terms. Well recommended by trade and public press. Enquiry 2014, London, W. 1.

LONDON AGENCIES WANTED.—"Having business connections with the most important steel makers, shipbuilders, engineers and machine-tool makers in Great Britain, France and Belgium, I am desirous of representing British firms abroad for buying or selling engineering materials or machinery, including steel plates, sections, rails; ships and boats of all types; locomotives, castings, forgings, tubes, piping, machine tools. Very satisfactory references can be given, and every enquiry will receive careful attention."—Enquiry 2015, Strand, W.C. 2.

WAGGON WHEELS AND AXLES.—"We have for immediate disposal at a very low figure wheels and axles (for twenty-nine inch gauge) also axle boxes and support frames from one hundred five-ton coal waggons in perfect condition and are anxious to get in touch with prospective purchasers in India or the East."—Enquiry 2006, Straits Settlements.

SOUTH AMERICA. Commercial gentleman, just returned from South America, wishes to meet a working partner with a view to forming a Trading Company.—Enquiry 2022, London, W.C.

COMMERCIAL SHIPS.

WARSHIPS, MAIL & PASSENGER STEAMERS. Icebreakers, Dredgers and other Special Craft. Floating Docks and Cranes. Marine Engines of all descriptions.

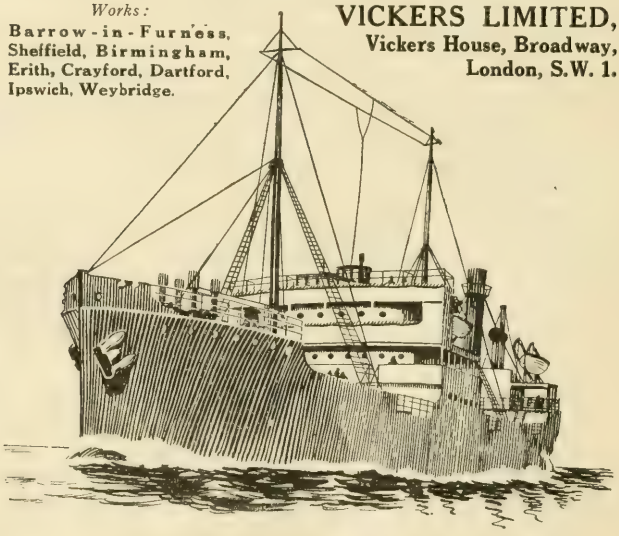
AIRCRAFT.

Railway Material. Vickers' Special Steels. Drop Forgings and Stampings. Motor Car Pressings and Springs. Weldless Drawn Tubes in all qualities of Carbon and :: :: Alloy Steels. :: ::

Motor Cars. Magnetos. Machines for the manufacture of Concrete Bricks, Tiles, etc. Mining, Cement-making and Stone Crushing Machinery. Oil Well Percussion Drilling Tools and Drilling Derricks. Rubber-making Machinery. Train Lighting Equipment. Machine Tools. Engineers' Small Tools. Sewing Machines. Darenta Washing Machines. Rifles.

Works:
Barrow-in-Furness, Sheffield, Birmingham, Erith, Crayford, Dartford, Ipswich, Weybridge.

VICKERS LIMITED,
Vickers House, Broadway, London, S.W. 1.



Motor Vessel "Seminole." Constructed at Barrow-in-Furness.

Overseas Employment Bureau

[The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the announcements published.—Editor.]

Overseas Employment Bureau.

MEMBER, twenty-three years of age, desires to obtain employment in West Africa. Clerical or outdoor post. Can sail immediately. Experience in handling foreign labour. —*E.B. 1002.*

MR. R. SAVAGE, care of the Club, now home from Canada on a visit, will be pleased to relate past experiences and give useful information to intending settlers. He has lived twelve years "out West."

LADY MEMBER, University graduate (Hons.) in history and economics, would be interested to hear of an opening, secretarial if possible, in North Africa, Egypt or the Far East. Languages, book-keeping, typing. Has travelled the Colonies and Europe.—*E.B. 1004.*

BRITISHER, thirty-four years of age, fluent Spanish, fair Portuguese, ten years in Chile, five years in the United Kingdom, desires position in the wholesale import and export business (preferably hardware, building and agricultural implements) either in the U.K. or abroad ; or would take up representation. A1 credentials from tip-top London Houses.—*E.B. 1005.*

EX-OFFICER, five years' service, just returned from the U.S.A., desires position in South Africa or Ceylon as overseer of natives. All-round sportsman, etc. Experience with natives on southern plantations in U.S.A.—*E.B. 1007.*

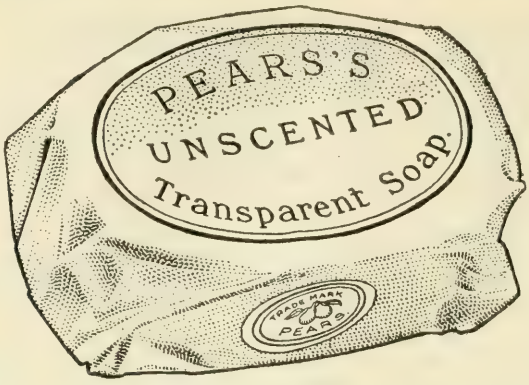
MANAGER, RUBBER ESTATE. Englishman, age thirty-five, unmarried, ten and a half years' experience tobacco, three and a half years' rubber cultivation, fully qualified to manage estate, desires position as manager of an estate. Excellent references.—*E.B. 1008.*

GENERAL PRODUCE BUSINESS. Englishman, Member, age thirty-eight, married, seeks position abroad. Has thorough knowledge of general produce business. Used to handling all kinds of merchandise. Import, export, control of labour, accounts, correspondence, etc. Speaks French and Spanish fluently and some German. Can furnish highest references. Would be prepared to go anywhere.—*E.B. 1009.*

TRAVELLER IN CANADA. Member, at present trading in the tropics, desires position as traveller or manager in any wholesale trading concern in Canada. Experience covers organisation and general trading routine. —*E.B. 1010.*

RHODESIAN RANCHER, age thirty-four, recently married, returning shortly, seeks re-engagement on a ranch or farm. Home farmer's son with seven and a half years' Rhodesian experience. Stock, crops, implements, ensilage, dairying, etc. Has kept stock records up to 2,500 head. Handy with carpenter's and smith's tools. Good Kaffir linguist and organiser, plenty of initiative and not afraid of responsibility. Excellent reference.—*E.B. 1011.*

BUSINESS ORGANISATION, ETC. Advertiser seeks position in any part of the world. At present holding position of trust as cashier and office accountant. Thorough knowledge of business organisation and management, used to the control of labour. Willing to take position with either trading, planting, mining or any other concern. Excellent references. Advertiser also requires information on the present cost of living in all parts of the world.—*E.B. 1012.*



You know Pears' Soap is pure because you can *see* that it is.

The transparency is your guarantee that the soap is in perfect condition and has been made from the purest ingredients properly combined. Poor materials, careless manufacture, the presence of water, all these would make the soap cloudy and muddy. Next time you buy a box, then, note the natural fragrance of the soap and regard its deep red-amber colour, for these are the visible signs of the excellence that ensures for you and your children a purity perfected by more than a century's experience and skill.

Pears'

TRANSPARENT
SOAP
Matchless
for the
Complexion

Have you used one of Pears' Golden Series ?

OVERSEAS

Overseas Employment Bureau.

ORGANISING SECRETARY.—Englishman seeks position of a secretarial or clerical nature. Organising and travelling experience in institutional work in England and Ireland, also office experience in Canada and the States. Small town or country no objection. Church organist. Age forty-five, unmarried. Two years with R.A.F.—*E.B. 1013.*

LADY MEMBER, nearly three years "on war service," professional teacher of ballroom, classical and folk dancing, a member of the English Folk Dance Society, wishes to return to India in the autumn. Would be grateful to any lady in India who, in return for services, would give hospitality while organising classes.—*E.B. 1014.*

MEMBER, now living in Brazil, desires post as traveller or representative for South America. Knows Portuguese and Spanish. Good business experience. Excellent references.—*E.B. 1015.*

The Overseas War Memorial

Overseas War Memorial.

THE following letters have been received, amongst many others, on the subject of the War Memorial Fund :—

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE. "I am enclosing a P.O. for 10s. as my first month's sub. to the War Memorial, and I will continue to send you 10s. per month for, at any rate, a year, and at the end of that time I hope to see your goal well reached, but if not I will carry on. It is only a small help, but I *do* want to see your object achieved, as it is going to stand for such a lot and it will also link us all together more than ever."—J. K. Walker, P.O. Box 7168, Johannesburg, South Africa.

A BRICK. "I am herewith enclosing you postal order for 30s., being 10s. for my 1921 sub. to the 'Overseas' Magazine and the balance to go for paying for a brick in your new building."—J. E. Aspinall, P.O. Frankfort, Orange Free State, South Africa.

A SECOND CONTRIBUTION. "Enclosed please find £6, a second contribution to our War Memorial Fund from me." John C. MacKechnie, Poste Restante, Hongkong, China.

LIST NO. 33.	£	s.	d.
H. P. Hope, c/o China Navigation Co., Shanghai ("*In memory of Sgt. H. K. Hope, 1st Tank Battalion*") (2nd Donation)	5	5	0
Mrs. F. W. A. Gale, 65, Percy Street, Blenheim, New Zealand ("*In memory of my only son, who was killed in B. E. A., 28/1/15*")	5	0	0
Thos. C. Robertson, No. 7, Oura, Nagasaki, Japan	5	0	0
Dr. Charles Lane Sansom, C.M.G., Principal Medical Officer, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.	5	0	0
J. A. Cheape, *per* Julian Corbett, Charlottesville, Va., U.S.A.	5	0	0
Total of sums received under £5	25	5	0
Acknowledged last month	28,804	1	10
Total to date	£28,650	8	2

OVERSEAS

Blind Oarsmen

Blind Oarsmen.

SUMMER is at hand, and already the season for outdoor sports and pastimes is in full swing. Cricket, tennis, golf, swimming, boating — the average English schoolgirl or boy takes a healthy interest in one or more of these forms of exercise, and the wise pedagogue fully realises their tonic influence on the minds and bodies of his youthful charges.

There are, of course, very few forms of outdoor sport which can be pursued by blind people, and, taking into consideration the fact that many of their occupations are of a sedentary nature, it will be realised that to them some form of health-giving exercise is absolutely indispensable. Among the forms of athletic exercise which can be enjoyed by the blind is rowing—a form of sport at which they can become exceedingly proficient, and one, moreover, in which they can compete on equal terms with their sighted friends.

Worcester College for the Blind, which is affiliated to the National Institute for the Blind in Great Portland Street, London, and is the only school for the sightless which is run on ordinary public school lines, has since 1913 developed rowing to a remarkable degree. The College annals bear the record of wonderful successes scored by blind oarsmen in their yearly regattas, and the standard of rowing and sculling has met with the approval of the severest critics. Thanks to the generosity of governors and friends the College has been provided with a fine collection of boats, but the crews have been much hampered by a complete lack of accommodation both for themselves and also for their craft. Under these circumstances it was decided to build a boathouse on the bank of the Severn, and this work has been put in hand and is now nearing completion. The expense is a very heavy one, but it is considered absolutely essential that these handicapped public schoolboys should retain the one form of sport which enables them to secure complete moral and physical development and the joyous experience of happy rivalry.

We think, therefore, that readers of this journal may care to contribute to the happiness of these sightless oarsmen and to secure for them that "healthy mind in a healthy body" without which no effective work can be produced.

Contributions should be sent to

The Secretary General,
National Institute for the Blind
(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920),
224–6–8, Great Portland Street, W. 1.

Notes about our Advertisers

By the Advertisement Manager

Notes about our Advertisers.

ANADIAN SPEAKER'S CHAIR ARRIVES. To the steamship *Canadian Raider*, one of the Canadian National Railways steamers, fell the honour of conveying across the Atlantic the replica of the Speaker's Chair to be presented to the Canadian House of Commons by members of the United Kingdom Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association. An illustration of the chair appeared in the May "Overseas." The shipment reached Ottawa on May 4th, having been forwarded from Montreal over the Canadian National Railways. The late Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., accompanied by Sir Howard d'Egville, Secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association, and a Member of the Central Council of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, proceeded to Ottawa on May 11th, where the presentation ceremony will take place.

THE LEPAERIAL TRAVEL BUREAU, at the Criterion Corner, Piccadilly Circus, was opened on May 1st, 1919, the date when civil aviation was permitted in Great Britain. The aerial side of the business is handled by Mr. R. A. Loader (ex R.F.C.); another member of the staff spent over a thousand hours in airships during the War. The Traffic Manager, Captain George Lovibond, has upwards of twenty years' experience in travel on the Continent, having specialised in the organising of tours to France, Switzerland, Italy and Belgium. He is conversant with places so far apart as Iceland and the Mediterranean and Black Seas, Gibraltar and Tangier to Batoum. "Any journey Anywhere" is the appropriate slogan of the firm.

CAMERAS FOR O.S. MEMBERS. For some years Messrs. Sands, Hunter & Co., 37, Bedford Street, Strand, London, have been represented in "Overseas." We have seen a copy of the new edition of their catalogue of New and Second-hand Photographic Apparatus, which we believe will be of value to any Member interested in photography. This firm proudly claims to be the oldest-established house in London dealing in exchange of High-grade Second-hand Photographic Apparatus. Their selection is large and their goods are all guaranteed. Members seeking expert advice in the choice of a camera for any particular class of work will, we feel sure, do well to communicate with Messrs. Sands, Hunter & Co.

THE DECCA PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE makes an irresistible appeal to the overseas Englishman. It is self-contained, has no loose parts, needs no case and is ready to play immediately it is opened. The Decca is one of the very few Gramophones made entirely in England by English labour. The sound-box, motor two component parts usually made in foreign countries, tone-arm, case and other sundry parts, are all manufactured and assembled in the splendidly equipped factories of the Decca Company. (Business details on page 13.)

FOR THE BLIND. An announcement occupies the back cover of "Overseas" this month on behalf of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. This appeal is the combined effort which is being made by the National Institute and eight London workshops for the Blind. The announcement shows that the blind population of Greater London to-day is 7,050. As a comparison, it is of pathetic interest that this figure exceeds by about 3,000 the population of a county town like Huntingdon, and only falls short by about 2,000 of the population of Stamford. The Blind have a great claim, and the appeal is recommended to the sympathetic attention of those who think of their welfare.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

and make them

GOOD AND USEFUL CITIZENS.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

gives

HOME LIFE, EFFICIENT TRAINING, RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

4,219 now in the Homes.
Over 25,000 rescued.

Gifts gratefully received by Secretary,
Rev. W. Fowell Swann, M.A.,
Old Town Hall,
Kennington Road,
London, S.E. 11.

Cheques, etc., crossed and payable "Waifs & Strays."

War Memorials

BRASS OR MARBLE TABLETS
BRASS AND SOLID OAK TABLETS
SOLID OAK, DECORATED TABLETS
INCISED OR RAISED LETTERS

We have supplied hundreds of Churches, Schools and Institutes with War Memorial Tablets. Our designs are guaranteed to prove permanent, artistic and reverent.

Special Designs Prepared to Order

Foreign orders receive immediate attention

Our facilities for the production of War Memorials enable us to quote the lowest prices consistent with good workmanship.

Write to us for particulars or suggestions

J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER

General Business Manager:
E. W. MORTON-GEORGE.

(Dept. O. 2) 2 & 3, Ludgate Circus Buildings, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, England

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL,
ENGLAND.

PLEASE HELP US!

HALF THE HOSPITAL CLOSED FOR LACK OF FUNDS.

Contributions to the Viscount Hambleden.

CROSOL CLEANER

IT WILL PAY YOU TO USE IT—OR SELL IT.

Used successfully for Household Washing, Motor Cars, Railways, Steamships, Paper Mills, Laundries, Hospitals, &c.

IT DESTROYS DIRT.

Export Agent:
CUTHBERT E. WILLIS, 83, Grove Park, London, S.E.5.

BOOKS BY RETURN MAIL.

New or Second-hand, on Every Subject.

From . . .

W. J. BRYCE,
The Empire Art & Book Room,
24A, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, England.

Publisher of "Sketches Made at Anzac." By H. Moore Jones, A.N.Z.A.C.

Please mention "OVERSEAS" when writing to Advertisers.

CRUEL MOTHERS

"Like as a father pitieth his children," wrote the Psalmist.

NOWADAYS, alas, there often appears to be among parents not merely a complete lack of pity, but an appalling degree of positive cruelty. In this respect mothers are not the least offenders.

Take one case.

A "mother" bound her boy of 9 with cords, flung him into a dark cupboard 3 ft. high, below the stairs, and barricaded the door. One end of the cord was fastened through a small hole, the sole means of ventilation. Through this hole scraps of food were thrust.

On one occasion the child was left thus, alone in the house for 8 hours. The neighbours heard his terrified cries and set him free.

The woman was sent to prison and the child is now in our care.

WE APPEAL FOR GIFTS OF £1 AND UPWARDS TO GIVE THIS UNHAPPY LITTLE LAD A NEW CHANCE OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Please mention "Child in Cupboard," and address:

THE PRINCIPAL (Rev. W. HODSON SMITH),

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson),

104-122, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

Treasurers:

J. R. BARLOW, Esq., M.A., J.P.

Col. Sir CHARLES CHEERS WAKEFIELD, Bart., C.B.E.

BROKEN BY THE WAR

NO plight is more sad than that of brave men, broken in and by the War, now suffering all the agonies and miseries of the severer forms of Neurasthenia and Mental Collapse. We owe them a debt incalculable. They helped to save our country from ruin. Let us help to save them from drifting into the soul-destroying atmosphere of a Lunatic Asylum in the hour of their great need.

THE EX-SERVICES WELFARE SOCIETY

(*Registered under War Charities Act*, 1916),

to which His Majesty the King has graciously sent a contribution, recently opened its first Home for such sufferers, and appeals for funds for maintenance.

PLEASE SEND HELP

to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., c/o Lloyd's Bank, 164, Finchley Road, N.W. 3. Particulars obtainable from the Society's Office.

20, Craven Road, Hyde Park, LONDON, W. 2.

OVER

three hundred boys and girls are being cared for in our Homes at Maitland Park, London, N.W. 3. These fatherless little ones would have had a bad time of it but for the timely help that we were able to give. There are many more waiting to come in. Our scope for doing good is as wide as the

SEA

but unfortunately our funds restrict us. We have the room; we have the zeal; we have the valuable experience; we have a long waiting list; but we need funds. This is where YOUR part comes in. It is a noble work. Will you not share in it? Please send a generous donation to the Treasurer, Lord MARSHALL, K.C.V.O., to help these fatherless

CHILDREN

THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL AND ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE.

Secretary:
FRED. J. ROBINSON, A.C.I.S.
Offices:
73, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.
Full particulars readily given on enquiry.

SOCIETY for the ASSISTANCE of

LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

(Under Royal Patronage)

♣ ♣ ♣

AN URGENT APPEAL FOR THE GENERAL FUND

Some time ago I pleaded for £2,000 for the General Fund which was in a most serious condition. Very little money came in answer to my appeal, and the serious condition is still unaltered. What can I say more than beg of you not to let this work expire in this its 35th year.

Please send donations from 2/6 up to any sum you can spare, but I beg you will send **something** without delay. I am waiting in Faith and Hope.

♣ ♣ ♣

Hon. Sec.,
EDITH SMALLWOOD,
Lancaster House, Malvern.

From Rock and Tempest.

320 Merchant Seamen, men who have run the gauntlet of the fiercest storms, now find themselves in poverty and need your assistance.

887 Widows of Seamen and 1100 Dependent Children

are also wanting help, which we are compelled to withhold because funds are low. Will you bring a ray of sunshine into their lives by sending a donation immediately?

THOS. SCOTT, *Secretary,*
British Merchant Seamen and their Dependents' Fund,
Tower Building, LIVERPOOL.

THE RED TRIANGLE HOSPITALITY LEAGUE

This Department of the Y.M.C.A. is co-operating with the Over-Seas Club in service for strangers and lonely men, and in

Helping the MAN Who is DOWN.

FOR many, the times are still badly out of joint. Every day *scores* of men are coming to the end of their endurance. They are faced with despair or loneliness often with both. They are losing their grip upon themselves, and are beginning to drift on the rocks.

Help us to help these men to pull themselves together—to make another effort to get back to that position of self-respect and progress that they held before the War played havoc with their chances in life.

To these men roaming aimlessly about the streets, feeling "No one cares, so why should I?" the Red Triangle Hospitality League holds out a helping hand.

During the past year the League has

—gathered in **94,895** men from the streets.
—given a warm welcome in the Y.M.C.A. Social Rooms to **351,165.**
—secured free hospitality in private homes for **2,492.**
—directed or conducted to available lodgings, **42,955.**
—secured employment for **2,214.**
—answered **341,195** enquiries of extraordinary variety.

To maintain this branch of our work
Your Help is Urgently Needed.

SEND A DONATION TO-DAY

to :—Sir Henry McMahon, G.C.M.G., Hon. Treasurer, Red Triangle Hospitality League, 25, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1, England (and crossed London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, Ltd.), or to the Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2, England.

The Salvation Army

as Empire Builder

IN the ten years immediately before the War nearly 100,000 persons were emigrated, mostly to the Dominion of Canada; **and work was found for all those who desired it.**

EMIGRATION is not indiscriminate. The Army does not take people at random, ship and disembark them, and then leave them stranded. The emigrants are carefully selected; they must first satisfy the Army as to their suitability in character and physique—the more so because the Overseas Immigration Authorities have great confidence in the discretion of the Salvation Army. That this confidence is not misplaced is shown by the fact that

less than 1 % of Salvation Army immigrants have been returned by the authorities as undesirable.

Please help us to give some unfortunate child or deserving adult a fresh start in a new land. We are entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. Will you not send a donation (no matter how small) to

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH,
Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

Cheques should be crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch."

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

STAR AND GARTER HOME

FOR

DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS,

RICHMOND, SURREY, ENGLAND.

ESTABLISHED by the British Red Cross Society, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, as a permanent memorial of the Great War. On the site of the old Star & Garter Hotel, of famous memory, a noble building is being erected to accommodate about 200 men. To hasten building operations the temporary Hospital in the Annexe of the Hotel, opened in January, 1916, for Sailors and Soldiers paralysed by wounds, has been removed to the Seaside Branch at Sandgate, Kent.

The Star & Garter Committee appeals to the benevolence of our friends and kinsmen overseas on behalf of the Building Fund which, notwithstanding the generous support it has received both at home and abroad, is in need of further help, in consequence of the enormously increased price of labour and materials.

Address all subscriptions to:

THE SECRETARY, STAR & GARTER COMMITTEE,
19, Berkeley Street, London, W. 1.

No Holiday

however lengthy or expensive can possibly restore to health and strength those for whom we plead. They are

(1) The patients in our Home at Streatham;
(2) Our pensioners, receiving £20 each a year;
(3) The many sufferers who are waiting for the benefit of the Home or the Pension.

They are all people of the Middle Classes, stricken and incapacitated by incurable disease.

Will you, when arranging for your own holiday, remember and help those beyond the reach of holiday benefits and blessings? All contributions should be addressed to:

EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary,

BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, STREATHAM, S.W.

Patroness - - H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA
Patron - - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

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TO PREVENT CURTAILMENT OF ANY BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY'S WORK

10,000 boys have been sent to Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
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1,100 boys and girls now being maintained.

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(Founded 1891 —— Incorporated 1893).

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"There is nothing in the world too fine for the Mercantile Marine of this Country for the work they have done during the present war."—LORD JELLICOE.

An Appeal for the

Captain Fryatt Memorial Fund

THIS Fund was instituted in August, 1916, to perpetuate the memory of that very gallant Officer, Captain Fryatt, of the S.S. "Brussels," who so heroically went to his doom in the cause of the Allies.

Its purposes are for the alleviation of suffering and distress, primarily due to the War, arising amongst the Officers of the Merchant Service and their Widows and Orphans.

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You owe a great deal to the Merchant Service and Contributions are Sadly Needed

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Major-General
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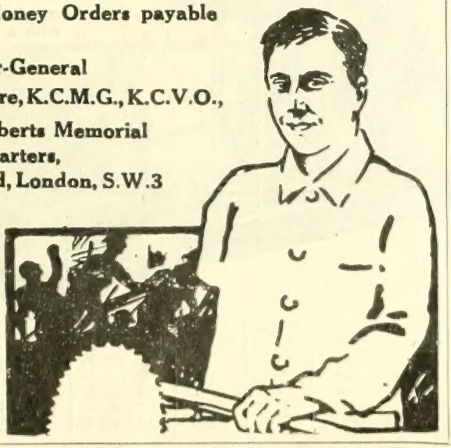
The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters,
122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3



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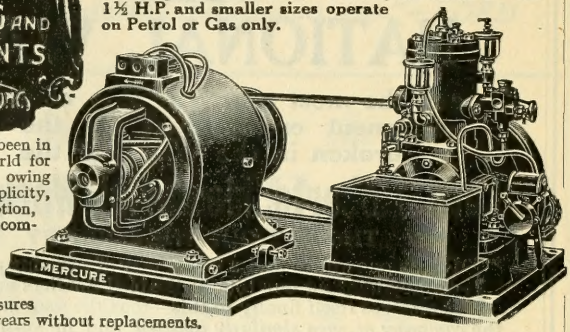

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H.P. of Engine.	Watts of Dynamo.	Number of Gas filled lamps Battery will supply for 8 hours continuously at one charge.		NOTE.—Prices include Engine, Dynamo, Switchboard, High capacity Battery of Accumulators, Water Tank, Piping, Foundation Bolts, etc.	
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½	175	8	4	**80 5 0**	—
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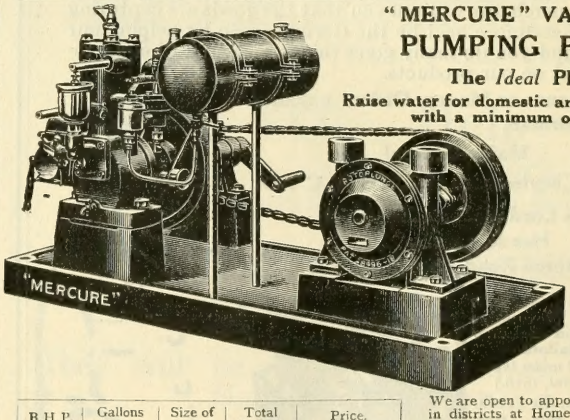

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1. It bears a very heavy financial responsibility for many important institutions all over Great Britain for the training and education of the blind, and provides practically all the Braille literature for the whole British Empire.

2. It maintains the most up-to-date and best-equipped School of Massage in the country for blind people of both sexes, and takes practical steps to help ex-students to build remunerative careers.

3. It is the sole producer of literature in Moon type for the entire English-speaking world.

4. It has a widely-developed department for the printing and dissemination of Braille music, without which blind musicians would be helpless.

5. It maintains an old-established and far-reaching organisation for visiting, assisting, and training the blind in their own homes.

6. It expends thousands of pounds annually on the relief of needy blind persons.

7. It undertakes the financial responsibility and conduct of Worcester College for blind boys, and the newly-established college at Chorley Wood for blind girls.

8. It cares for the Deaf-Blind—those condemned to life-long darkness and silence.

9. It is responsible for the upkeep of Hoole Bank, Chester, for blind persons of good social position who are unable to maintain themselves in comfort.

10. It maintains a home at Clifton for blind women of the poorer classes, and a similar home at Brighton ; also a hostel for blind women workers in London.

11. It carries out much important research work with regard to apparatus and materials generally of wide importance to the blind, and the manufacture of these.

12. It maintains the only home in the Empire for blind babies—"Sunshine House," at Chorley Wood—and proposes to equip and maintain several more "Sunshine Houses."

The proper discharge of these obligations depends entirely upon the generous response of the public.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.

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Head Office: 224-6-8, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

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DO you know that the blind population of Greater London is 7,050 ?

And that only 450 of them are in workshops, because there is no accommodation for more ?

We are all of us going through hard times, every one throughout the Empire.

But however hard our lot, we are not suffering under the terrible handicap of physical blindness.

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It is needed ***NOW*** for

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which is a great combined effort being made by the National Institute for the Blind and the eight London Workshops for the Blind :—

Association for the Welfare of the Blind,

Barclay Workshop for Blind Women,

Blind Employment Factory,

Eyes to the Blind Society,

London Association for the Blind,

London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind,

West London Workshops for the Blind,

The Workshop for the Blind of Kent,

to increase employment and assist the unemployed.

THEIR NEED IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, at the Office of the Fund, 14, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2. Cheques should be made payable to " The Greater London Fund for the Blind," and crossed " London County, Westminster and Parr's, Ltd., Covent Garden Branch."